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WILLIAM V. IZLAR, ESQ.
Sergeant Edisto Rifles

Author of Sketch, Captured Town
Creek, N. C., Feb. 10, 1865

A SKETCH
OF THE
WAR RECORD OF THE EDISTO
RIFLES, 1861-1865

By WILLIAM VALMORE IZLAR

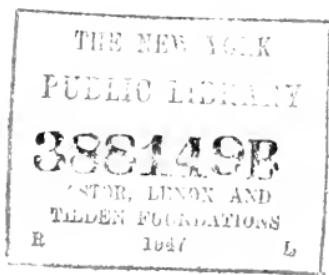


Company "A," 1st Regiment S. C. V. Infantry
Colonel Johnson Hagood
Provisional Army of the Confederate States
1861-1862

Company "G," 25th Regiment S. C. V. Infantry
Colonel Charles H. Simonton
Confederate States Army
1862-1865

Published by AUGUST KOHN

Columbia, S. C.
The State Company
1914



“Ye Stars, which though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth,
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples of the west
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers !
And, you, ye Winds, that on the ocean’s breast
Are kissed to coolness ere you reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land has fired a poet’s lays,
Or given a home to man.”

WM. VALMORE IZLAR.

“I believe it is the duty of every Confederate whose opportunities were such as to enable him to speak now, with anything like accuracy, to put on record what he knows. He owes this duty not only to himself and his associates, but to truth.”

JOHNSON HAGOOD.

This historic sketch of the Edisto Rifles is dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, knowing full well, that while there lives a true Southern woman, the altar fires will be kept continuously burning bright in memory of the valiant deeds of the Confederate Soldiers. Yea, long, long after the last one has crossed over the river, of that matchless host who wore the gray, and followed the varying fortunes of the Starry Cross till it went down in stainless glory on the plains of Appomattox, will the story of the “Storm Cradled Nation that fell,” and its heroic defenders, be ever kept fresh in the minds of future generations, by our glorious and patriotic women of the Southland.

PREFACE

In writing this sketch, it was my intention to avoid, as far as possible, all personal allusions, and confine myself to such facts and incidents as came under my own observation, and within my own knowledge, and at the same time give a clear and concise statement, without amplification or hyperbole.

I find, however, in order that all important events and interesting incidents which go towards making a historic sketch, which I intend this to be, of the Edisto Rifles, be clearly set forth, personal reference cannot be avoided.

I hope, therefore, I may be pardoned for what may appear as being a little egotistic, although literally true.

THE AUTHOR.

May 13, 1908.

Since writing the above General Hagood's Memoirs have been published, and it is with much pride that I find his narrative of events and mine so closely agreeing.

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COL. THOMAS J. GLOVER

Captain Edisto Rifles 1861. Colonel 1st Regt.
S. C. Vols. 1862. Killed, 2nd Manassas.

INTRODUCTION

This little work lacks one inestimable advantage,—final revision by its author. Before the manuscript had been given to the printer the accomplished gentleman, ardent Carolinian and brave soldier had passed “the Great Captain for final review,” and had been welcomed, as we believe, “on the other side” by Hagood and the Glovers, and O. M. Dantzler, and Keitt, and Dibbles, and Sellers, and Maloney, and Kennerly, and James F. Izlar, and Theodore Kohn, and other officers and comrades whose deeds he had so enthusiastically recorded. Mr. W. V. Izlar died at a hospital in Atlanta.

Before his unexpected death the author knew that his work would be put into enduring form, thanks to the munificence and filial devotion of Mr. August Kohn, of Columbia, whose father had been a gallant soldier of the Edisto Rifles during the entire War for Southern Independence.

The proofs have been read and occasional notes and corrections made by Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., the accomplished Secretary of the South Carolina Historical Commission, than whom none has a more accurate knowledge of the history of the State, and who knows Orangeburg District as thoroughly as Gilbert White knew “The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne.”

In his preface the author pleads that “personal reference could not be avoided” and apparently

fears that what he has written may appear "a little egotistic." The reader will put down the book with the sense that the personal element has lent it an additional charm; he tells what he has seen and heard, and of which he has been a part, with a directness and evident sincerity that carry conviction. He does not hesitate to criticise Gen. Patton Anderson's inexplicable failure to co-operate with Hoke and Hagood at the City Point Road, thus rendering abortive a blow which would probably have raised the siege of Petersburg; or General Mahone's peremptory order to Hagood, based upon mistaken reports of scouts, which resulted in the useless slaughter at Weldon Railroad; or General Bragg's and General Whiting's blunders at Fort Fisher, and yet, he is not dogmatic; he tells you that a sergeant in the rear rank cannot fitly judge the movements of great bodies of troops, that sometimes "he cannot see the forest for the trees."

In Mr. Izlar's opinion the duty of the Edisto Rifles at Battery Wagner "was the most fearful experience of the four years of the war; especially the last three days and nights. No water, no sleep, very little to eat; and all the while fifteen-inch shells were being hurled in broadsides against the fort and the silent and suffering, but faithful garrison, by the powerful armament of the enemy's fleet. * * * The mangled dead lay thick on every side, and their fast decaying remains under a hot September sun impregnated the atmosphere with a sickening, noisome odor. * * * All of this, added to the groans of the dying and shrieks of the wounded, was enough to

cause the stoutest heart to shudder and blanch the cheeks of the bravest of the brave."

But, the engagement which seems to appeal most strongly to Mr. Izlar was the bloody battle of Weldon Railroad. He held that "this charge of Hagood's Brigade does not suffer by the comparison" with the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. He submits a table of figures as to both commands, of which the following is a recapitulation:

	Engaged.	Loss.	
Light Brigade	607	406	=201
Hagood's Brigade	740	448	=292

It will be noted that Lord Cardigan lost about 66 per cent., while Hagood lost 61 per cent.

The author does not conceal his supreme contempt for Generals Sherman and B. F. Butler and for Admiral Porter, but, for General Cox, "a gentleman as well as a soldier," and for many of the rank and file he had great respect. "It is quite a mistaken idea," he says, "that the Yankees were poor soldiers and easily whipped. Any Confederate soldier who met them often in battle will testify that they were hard and tenacious fighters, especially those from the great Northwest!"

After capture he was imprisoned at Point Lookout, with his brother Laurie T. Izlar, as a tentmate. He appears to have made friends with several of the enemy there, and by a clever *ruse de guerre* outwitted the commandant of the prison, General Brady, and obtained a fine suit of clothing and other

necessary articles, from his "uncle," a Southern sympathizer in New York!

In the rolls of the Edisto Rifles, and of the other companies from Orangeburg District, records which will be valued more and more every year, Mr. Izlar has perpetuated in two paragraphs; "Cæsar," "Anthony," "Sam," "Cudjo," "Pierce," "Peter," "Sephias," "Derril," "Wash," "Toney," "Isaac" and "Jim," the names of twelve body-servants of as many gentlemen. "Many of the young members of the Edisto Rifles," he says, "took with them to the army their negro servants, who not only waited on their young masters faithfully, but cooked their meals also. When in Virginia, these servants stayed in the rear with the wagon train, but would bring meals to the front every day. * * * These servants were regularly rationed by the government the same as enlisted men." This detail is interesting, and, so far as I know, unique among the South Carolina company and regimental histories. "Bull Run" Russell, correspondent of the London Times, writing from Charleston, after the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Confederate and State authorities, makes mention of the many negro body-servants who had accompanied their masters to Charleston; and Russell, or some other correspondent, reported that their function was not only to wait on their masters, but to do any disagreeable work, such as digging trenches, throwing up breast-works, etc. Of course, such roseate ideas of soldier life were soon dispelled. It would be interesting if Mr. Izlar had told how long those Edisto Riflemen found it

possible to retain their body-servants; certainly not in the trenches around Petersburg.

Other features of Mr. Izlar's little book merit special attention; but, the reader must look for them himself.

Possibly the incentive for this work was the advice of his friend and Brigade Commander, General Hagood, who said: "It is the duty of every Confederate whose opportunities were such as to enable him to speak now, with anything like accuracy, to put on record what he knows."

This is not the first, though it is among the best publications of its kind. There have been published numberless pamphlets and newspaper sketches or "histories" of various companies, among which may be mentioned:

Major J. L. Coker's, Hartsville Light Infantry, Co. G, 9th S. C. Regiment; afterward Co. E, 6th S. C. Regiment.

Darlington Rifles, Co. I, 18th S. C. Regiment.

Company B, 21st S. C. Regiment, by Henry K. DuBose.

Company B, 4th S. C. Palmetto Riflemen (Sharpshooters), by Col. James A. Hoyt. Col. Hoyt's admirable monograph has been elaborated and largely included in a book by the late Major W. L. Dunlop, of Arkansas, entitled "Lee's Sharpshooters, or the Forefront of Battle."

Company K, 14th S. C. Regiment, written and published by Augustus D. Tompkins, now of Charlotte, N. C.

Historical Sketch of the Pee-Dee Light Artillery, Army Northern Virginia. By Orderly Sergeant J. W. Brunson. Together with a roll of McIntosh's Battery Artillery.

Charleston Light Dragoons, by Edward L. Wells, the biographer of Hampton. This is by far the most brilliant and complete history of a company yet published in South Carolina.

There have been published a number of Regimental histories, in pamphlet form, more or less complete, including:

Seventeenth Regiment (Col. McMaster), by Capt. W. H. Edwards.

Tenth S. C. Regiment, by Col. C. Irvine Walker, its last commander.

First Regiment (Regulars) Artillery, Capt. Charles Inglesby.

South Carolina's Brigade histories include (the earliest) J. F. J. Caldwell's "History of McGowan's Brigade."

Hagood's Brigade, "Memoirs of the War of Secession."

This list does not purport to be complete, but, unfortunately, very few additions can be made to it.

Any one familiar with old-book catalogues, and more especially those who have visited the great libraries in Boston, New York and Chicago, can tell of the thousands of Company and Regimental histories which have been published in the North and West.

Two instances will suffice to make the issue clear.

Two *Negro* Regiments, both of them mainly re-

cruted in Massachusetts, the 54th and 55th Massachusetts, served most of their time in South Carolina. A fine, elegantly printed volume of 410 pages, Capt. Luis F. Emilio's History of the 54th Massachusetts, "A Brave Black Regiment," has had two editions!!!

"The Diary of One of the Officers of the 55th Massachusetts," has been printed, for private circulation, years ago. Prof. Burt G. Wilder, emeritus professor of Cornell University, some time surgeon of the 55th Regiment, has been preparing an exhaustive history of that organization for years and it will soon be ready for the press!

In the *Book of Mormon* we read:

"Now, there were many records kept of the proceedings of this people, * * * but behold a hundredth part of the proceedings of this people; yes, the account of the Lamanites and Nephites and their wars and contentions * * * cannot be contained in this work. But, behold, there are many books and many records of every kind, and *they have been chiefly kept by the Nephites.*"

This provokes the following apposite comment from an eminent Unitarian scholar and clergyman: "There you have the real difficulty in writing a history of the Lamanites. There may be plenty of material, but so long as it was collected by the Nephites it is impossible to get the Lamanitist point of view."

Y. S.

Columbia, S. C., August 1, 1914.



JAMES F. IZLAR

Adjutant 14th Regiment S. C.
Militia. Captain Edisto
Rifles. 1862. Captured Fort
Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865

JOHN V. GLOVER

Major 14th Regiment S. C.
Militia. Captain Edisto
Rifles 1861. Major 25th
Regiment 1862. Died June
19, 1864, of wounds received
at Cold Harbor

EDISTO RIFLES, 1861-1865

About the year 1851 a military company was formed in the town of Orangeburg, South Carolina, known as the Edisto Rifles. The first captain of this company was John J. Salley. Upon his resignation, John Vinyard Glover succeeded him. Captain Glover later being elected major of the Fourteenth Regiment of South Carolina Militia, to which the Edisto Rifles was attached, Wm. L. Ehney was his successor as captain of the company, and held this position till the State seceded from the Union.

At the breaking out of the war this was one of the first companies in the State to volunteer its services to Governor Pickens,* and on reorganization for active duty on January 22nd, 1861, the following officers were elected: Thomas J. Glover, captain; John V. Glover, first lieutenant; John H. Felder, second lieutenant; James F. Izlar, third lieutenant.

The uniform adopted was gray coat and trousers trimmed with black, and a gray cap. Each man paid for his own uniform. The company made a very handsome appearance when fully equipped and formed in line.

The uniform of the company when in the militia service prior to 1861 was a gray coat trimmed with green, white trousers, and a black hat.

*The company was accepted by the Governor and remained in State service till the 22nd day of August following.

A short time after the company was organized the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Infantry was formed and Captain Thomas J. Glover was elected its lieutenant-colonel, which caused the captaincy of the Edisto Rifles to become vacant, and First Lieutenant John V. Glover was promoted to that office, and the second and third lieutenants likewise going up a grade in rank, left the third lieutenancy vacant. An election being held, Samuel N. Kennerly was chosen for this position.*

The officers of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Infantry were Johnson Hagood of Barnwell, colonel; Thomas J. Glover of Orangeburg, lieutenant-colonel; Watson A. O'Cain of Orangeburg, major; Pat. K. Molony, adjutant; G. B. Lartigue, quartermaster; Wm. W. Legaré, commissary of subsistence; Martin Bellinger, surgeon; A. B. Stephens, chaplain, and R. B. Wilson, sergeant major.

Four companies of this regiment were from Orangeburg and commanded by these respective captains: Company A, Edisto Rifles, John V. Glover; Company B, Daniel Livingston; Company C, Samuel M. Kemmerlin; Company D, J. D. Collier.

*To give some idea of the material of which the Edisto Rifles was composed at the commencement of the war, I would say that the captain was a second honor graduate of South Carolina College; the first lieutenant a South Carolina College graduate; the second lieutenant was a graduate of Yale; the third lieutenant a first honor graduate of Emory College. The orderly sergeant was a first honor man of Wofford, and most of the non-commissioned officers and many of the privates were college graduates.

Five companies were from Barnwell, viz.: Company E, T. H. Mangum, captain; Company F, Winchester Graham, captain; Company G, Edward J. Frederick, captain; Company H, Vincent Martin, captain; Company I, James White, captain; Company K, J. J. Brown, captain. Company I, James White, captain, was from Colleton.

The four companies from Orangeburg, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas J. Glover, left there on the 11th day of April, 1861. The other six companies, under command of Major O'Cain, left Barnwell on the same day and all reached Charleston that afternoon and were joined there by Colonel Johnson Hagood.

There was a large crowd at the Orangeburg station to see the troops off, and amidst prolonged cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and firing of cannon, the train pulled out. Some of the enthusiastic citizens had taken one of the old cannon which had lain rusting about the streets since the days they had been used by Captain Henry Felder in the Revolutionary War, out to the station and fired a parting salute. This gun was not mounted, but was fired as it lay on the ground, the muzzle being elevated somewhat by having a block of wood placed underneath it.

There were four young men from the State of Connecticut engaged in mercantile business in Orangeburg in 1861. Lee W. Hitchcock, W. A. Church, George H. Curtiss and John C. Pike; they all promptly joined the Edisto Rifles and were in service for the whole war. They all made good

soldiers. Two of them are still living in South Carolina and numbered among our best citizens.

The trains transporting the troops were stopped on reaching the suburbs of Charleston, and as soon as all the soldiers were gotten off the regiment was formed and marched to the Race Course, where it encamped for the night. At 4:30 o'clock the next morning, April 12th, the men were suddenly aroused by the boom of the first gun fired on Fort Sumter, and what proved to be four years of bloody internecine war had actually commenced.

This gun was fired from Fort Johnson, on James Island, by Captain James.* Had he been possessed of prophetic vision and peered a few years into the future and seen the thousands sacrificed in the gigantic national struggle consequent upon the discharge of this gun, he no doubt would have paused, like Julius Cæsar upon the bank of the Rubicon, ere he could have nerved himself to the point of pulling the lanyard taut on this momentous occasion. However, war was inevitable sooner or later, and all attempts to extenuate the matter appeared futile.

I have heard it said of late years, that Captain James before taking the lanyard from the man who was in position at the gun to do the firing said to him, "That the man firing the first gun would per-

*Some time after this incident Captain James raised a battalion and was elected lieutenant-colonel. This battalion was assigned to the Fifteenth Regiment, S. C. V. Infantry. He was killed, in battle at South Mountain, Maryland, in September, 1862. After graduating at South Carolina College, he held a commission in the United States regular army. At the breaking out of the war, he resigned and entered Confederate service.

haps some day be held accountable for the act by the United States government, and therefore he would assume the responsibility." It is my opinion, however, that Captain James wanted the distinction of firing the first gun, and just simply did it without making any apology or explanation whatever to his gun-squad. He was in command of the battery and had the authority to do as he saw fit in a matter of that kind.¹

From the Race Course the regiment was next morning marched through the city to one of the wharfs and embarked on the steamer *DeKalb* for James' Island; disembarking at Dill's Bluff and marching across the island to Legaré's Point, from which place it was taken by boat to Morris' Island and encamped near the place where Battery Wagener was subsequently located. From here was witnessed the bloodless bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson to General Beauregard. The regiment remained on Morris' Island after the fall of the fort, and was then ordered to Orangeburg, reaching there on the morning of May 23rd, and went into camp in an old field about a mile east of the Orangeburg Female College. On the 31st of May the regiment was formed and marched to the college campus and there presented with a regimental flag donated by the ladies of Barnwell, Hon. John J.

¹Note by A. S. Salley, Jr.: Captain James did not pull the lanyard. That was done by Henry S. Farley, 1st Lieutenant of the battery commanded by James. See an exhaustive presentation of this matter by Dr. Robert Lebby in *The South Carolina Historical and Genealogical Magazine* for July, 1911.

Maher making the presentation address. On the march from the camp to the college I had my first real experience of what it meant to be under military law and the duty of a sure enough soldier. Of course every one was anxious for the regiment to make a fine appearance; especially, as all the college girls would be out en masse to witness the ceremonies, and all the boys had arrayed themselves in all the fine linen to be found in a soldier's wardrobe for the occasion. Everything went lovely till we came to Cow-Castle branch, which was about two feet deep in water. Here Colonel Hagood had placed guards on the foot ways and required every man to march through the water. The officers, of course, fared no better than the men—all took the same medicine. This little incident was of great value to me in my subsequent army life, teaching me that to obey all orders was the first duty of a good soldier, and ask no questions.

The design of the flag presented was what is known as the "Stars and Bars" which was adopted by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery as a suitable flag for the Confederate States on the 4th day of March, 1861, and described as follows: "The Flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center, and equal in width to one-third of the flag. The red space above and below to be the same width as the white. The union blue, extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space. In the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in num-

ber with the States in the Confederacy. The union square; the stars five pointed. The length of the flag one and half times its width."

The Edisto Rifles, before leaving Orangeburg for Charleston to join in the attack on Fort Sumter, had been presented with a company flag by Miss Adella Felder, a sister of First Lieutenant John H. Felder of the company, the presentation ceremonies taking place in front of the court house. The material of this flag was blue bunting and it was trimmed with silver cord and tassels, and silver fringe. On one side was a white silk palmetto tree and white silk crescent. On the reverse was "EDISTO RIFLES" in white silk letters. Beneath the palmetto tree was a white silk scroll on which was the latin motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*" in black letters. The staff was ornamented with a silver star at the top. The flag was delivered to Wm. W. Legaré, who was then color bearer of the company. B. W. Izlar, John C. Pike, and L. Hayne Culler were the color guard. This flag was used on all occasions by the company till it was found that so many flags caused confusion in time of battle, when all company flags were laid aside, and only the regimental battle flag used; a regiment having only one flag, consequently this company flag was placed in a warehouse in Charleston for safety and has never been recovered. A little incident connected with this flag was brought to my attention a short time ago by the Honorable Samuel Dibble, at that time a lieutenant in the Edisto Rifles, who says: "When the regiment left or evacuated Cole's Island the flag in some unaccountable way was left behind.

The discovery was not made till after the regiment had gone a considerable distance; Wm. V. Izlar returned to the island, recovered the flag and brought it again to the company."

The first flag of the Young Republic was the Bonny Blue Flag, and was saluted by the convention that adopted the Ordinance of Secession of Mississippi. It is described by the Hon. Dunbar Rowland, director of the department of archives and history of the State of Mississippi, as follows: "A flag of white ground, a magnolia tree in the center; a blue field in the upper left-hand corner, with a white star in the center, finished with a red border and red fringe at the extremity of the flag."

Harry McCarthey, the Irish comedian, wrote the song, "Bonnie Blue Flag," the night of its unfurling in the convention, and sang it for the first time in the Spengler theatre in Jackson, Mississippi, on January the 10th, 1861. I think it is well to have correct history and description of these flags as well as all other things incident to, or connected with the war.

A short time before the first battle of Manassas, and while the regiment was still encamped at Orangeburg, the regiment was temporarily relieved from duty, subject to orders. Colonel Hagood, Lieutenant John H. Felder, Sergeant Samuel Dibble, Donald J. Rowe, Theodore Kohn, Edmund J. Felder, Wm. C. Meredith and Paul Jaudon, the seven last named being members of the Edisto Rifles, at once went to Virginia and joined companies stationed at Fairfax Court House, where the army under General Beauregard was at that time facing the Federal



LIEUT. GEORGE H. ELLIOTT
Edisto Rifles

Killed Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864

army commanded by General Irvin McDowell. Both Colonel Hagood and Lieutenant Felder shouldered muskets and fought through the battle as privates, along with the other members of the Edisto Rifles. The battle of Manassas was fought on the 21st day of July, 1861. The Federal army numbered 35,000 men and 49 cannon, with all of the best appliances and equipments for war known at that time. In addition, McDowell had about 2,500 men near enough to him to have been easily thrown into the fight at short notice.

The Confederate army under General Beauregard numbered between twenty-five and thirty thousand, with 55 cannon. A great many of General Beauregard's troops were without arms of any kind, while the great majority were armed with guns of a very inferior make and the poorest kind of other equipments. The attack was made by the Federal commander, and for a considerable portion of the day the issue was doubtful, but upon the arrival of General Joseph E. Johnston on the field with reinforcements for the Confederates, the tide of battle turned in favor of the Southern army and ended in a complete rout of the Federal forces. Not more than 15,000 of the Confederates were actually engaged, while McDowell brought about his whole strength into action.

The panic among the Yankee troops was so great that they could not be rallied or halted in their disgraceful headlong flight till they reached Washington city, and placed the Potomac River between them and the victorious army of General Beaure-

gard. The officers appeared to be as much demoralized as the men, and it was a wild race and scramble to see who could reach and cross the Potomac River first. Guns, knapsacks, blankets, cartridge boxes, accoutrements of all kinds, as it were, macadamized the turnpike for ten miles.

Many politicians, and even women, had come down from Washington to see the battle and be present at the chastisement and discomfiture of the Southern troops. They had made great preparations to celebrate the event in grand and hilarious fashion with feasting and dancing; these also joined in the stampede at a John Gilpin pace, regardless of sex or manner of getting away. The Bard of Avon tells us: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

It seems to me, that surely the high tide was at hand for the Confederate Army, and the road was open which led to fortune on that day. With a vigorous pursuit of the demoralized and thoroughly disorganized Federal army, Washington would surely have fallen into the hands of General Beauregard; at least it would seem so to one who was not posted in regard to the secrets of the high officials of the army. The following is from *The Charleston Courier* of August the 14th, 1861, under the head of "News from Washington":

"The wonder of military men is that the Confederates did not enter Washington. No doubt all their movements were matters of deliberation. The condition of things on Monday and Wednesday following the battle, it is impossible to describe—the

streets were filled with soldiers openly proclaiming the cowardice and treason of their commanders—and at any time if the cry of 'Davis' had been heard at one end of the avenue the whole mass would have fled at the other. Such was the demoralization, that experienced English officers say the pages of history afford no parallel."

On whom to place the blame, if any one was to blame, for the failure to grasp this golden opportunity, I would not presume to say. On the 15th of July six members of the Edisto Rifles, viz.: John P. Frederick, Ben. P. Izlar, A. Govan Rowe, Wm. V. Izlar, Jude Robinson and Murray Robinson, left Orangeburg for Virginia with the intention of attaching themselves to some company there and taking part in the impending battle. On reaching Fairfax Court House, where General Beauregard's army then was, we applied to several companies without meeting with any success; and very little, if any, encouragement; all of the companies reported that they already had the maximum number allowed by the military law. We, however, had this very gracious and seductive proposition made to us by way of compromise, you might say: i. e., we could go along and fight with the command, provided we furnished ourselves with arms, ammunition, rations, tents, and transportation; but in case of being captured, we would have to take the risk of being treated as bushwhackers by the enemy. This proposition did not appeal quite strong enough to our patriotism and less to our common sense. Neither did our pocketbooks hold out any flattering inducements; so

we declined with thanks. Greatly disappointed at the result, after staying there a few days, we shouldered our rifles, which we had taken with us from South Carolina, and started on our return trip for home. This incident will give an idea of how very little was known of what war really meant in 1861 by the South. A few years later, when wisdom was gained by dear experience, recruits were considered even more valuable than rations.

When we reached Wilmington, North Carolina, on our return trip, we met Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens. It was the first time I had ever seen him. To a casual observer he would appear as a little insignificant individual, but upon a close study of his face, one could not fail to be impressed with his masterful features. He had the finest eyes I ever saw. We learned here, also, that the great battle at Manassas had commenced.

The North soon recovered from this first overwhelming defeat, and energetically went to work to place a much larger army in the field.

When we reached home, we found that the First Regiment (Hagood's) had been again ordered out, and had rendezvoused at Summerville on the 20th, and we joined our company there. The regiment was here mustered into Confederate service on the 22nd day of August, 1861.*

*In the Provisional Army of the Confederate States for one year; under an Act passed by the Confederate States Congress on the 28th day of February, 1861, the regiment having volunteered for this service.

See Appendix.

While at Summerville Lieutenant John H. Felder, of the Edisto Rifles, died at his plantation, "Midway," about five miles south of Orangeburg, of typhoid fever, contracted in the Virginia campaign, and was buried at the family burying ground with military honors. A detachment from the Edisto Rifles, under command of Lieutenant James F. Izlar, came up from Summerville and acted as military escort and fired a volley over his grave, when laid to rest in the grounds of his ancestors on the 17th day of August, 1861.

Lieutenant Felder was a genial, courtly gentleman, and was greatly liked by the whole company. He was a graduate of Yale College. Orderly Sergeant Samuel Dibble was elected, while the regiment was still at Summerville, to the office of third lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieutenant Felder, and the promotion of the other two lieutenants one grade. Second Sergeant George H. Elliott became orderly sergeant of the company.

The latter part of August, the regiment was ordered to Cole's Island to guard the mouth of Stono River, one of the water approaches to the city of Charleston. The regiment went to Charleston by rail, and took a steamer for its destination via Wappoo Cut and Stono River, landing at the extreme eastern point of the island at the mouth of Folly River and opposite Folly Island, and marched a short distance beyond Fort Palmetto and prepared to pitch camp. The place selected for our camp was thickly overgrown by bushes about as tall as one's

head, and it required considerable hard work to get it in suitable condition to pitch tents.

Fort Palmetto was an old earthwork, supposed to have been built originally by the Spaniards.¹ In 1861 it was in good preservation and required very little work to put it in good condition for defense. It may, however, have been built by the French under Ribault about the year 1562. There is now standing near Port Royal a fort built by him in that year which he called Carolina, in honor of Charles the IX of France.²

Cole's Island was garrisoned by a battalion of regular artillery commanded by Major J. J. Lucas; finding this force insufficient to man all the batteries, the Edisto Rifles were drilled as artillerists and placed in charge of a battery on Goat Island. This was a small island separated from Cole's Island by an insignificant little creek. On an occasion of target practice, one of the guns in the battery burst, demolishing the carriage and hurling thousands of fragments, great and small, in every direction. Though each man of the squad working the piece was in his proper position, and consequently near the gun, while many others were standing around in the battery, it is remarkable that the only casualty was

¹Note by A. S. Salley, Jr.: One of our standing myths. It was built by South Carolinians in 1812. We had no Spanish settlements in South Carolina and no Spanish forts, yet all the old forts are ascribed to the Spanish if their history is not known to the rank and file.

²Arx Carolina (Fort Charles) is not now "standing." There is nothing left but the outlines thereof. The writer is probably confusing it with Fort Frederick.—A. S. S., Jr.

the wounding of Sergeant Ben P. Izlar, slightly in the face and leg.

Most of the time on Cole's Island was devoted to guard duty, company, and battalion drill. It took some time to get the regiment well up to the standard, as most of the men knew absolutely nothing of military movements or the duty of a soldier before enlisting; and the officers, as a rule, were very little more familiar with tactics than the privates in the ranks; as the following episode will serve to illustrate. On an occasion when the regiment was being drilled by Colonel Hagood, he wishing to have executed a certain evolution, gave the command:

“Attention, Battalion!

“Change front forward on fifth company.

“Right wing about face.

“By company right half wheel, march!

“Forward, march, guide right.”*

Nine of the captains managed to pull through without much trouble; one, being less fortunate, got badly muddled and confused, went off at a tangent in his reckless attempt to execute the movement. Seeing how ridiculous the company appeared, Colonel Hagood lost patience somewhat, and called out in a high voice, “Captain ——, where in hell are you going? Your men's legs look like a basket of cobs!” Whereupon the captain yelled at the top of his voice, “Company, halt!” He managed to get back in line, eventually, with the assistance of the adjutant. This

* Hardee's Tactics.

incident was a great source of amusement to the regiment for a long time.

This same captain, however, afterwards developed into a very good officer and rose to the rank of major before the close of the war.

“Time, chance and a favoring sky
Will change a grub to a butterfly.”

George H. Curtiss, of the Edisto Rifles, and myself were detailed and placed in charge of the commissary department of the regiment. We received all stores, and issued all rations to the troops. Donald J. Rowe, another Edisto Rifleman, was the quartermaster sergeant. We all occupied a house outside of the lines, and were allowed to pass and repass the sentries at pleasure. This was considered a grand privilege by the less fortunate. There were no heavy guns mounted in the forts on Cole's Island, a 32-pounder was about the largest calibre.

One of the Yankee blockading squadron came in one day as near as Bird Key and threw a few shells towards the island, but they all fell short. The forts returned the fire, but fell short also. I stood behind the guns and could easily see the shells from the time they left the guns as they made their flight through the air, 'till lost to sight in the distance. I have done the same thing by standing in rear of a battery of field pieces, but not always successfully.

The regiment remained on Cole's Island till April 12, 1862, at which time, its term of service having



SAMUEL DIBBLE, FIRST LIEUTENANT, Edisto Rifles.

Photo after war

Captured on a Scout, Long Island, S. C., July 8, 1863 — Captured,
Town Creek, N. C., Feb. 10, 1865

expired, it was disbanded. The Edisto Rifles immediately re-enlisted for three years or the war, under the same officers, and joined the Eutaw Battalion, commanded by Major Charles H. Simonton, who came to Cole's Island with his battalion just at this time. Several of the members of the company went into other organizations. Thos. K. Legare and Medicus Rickenbaker each raised a company and joined the Second Regiment of heavy artillery. The Edisto Rifles soon recruited to the maximum, and very soon afterwards the Twenty-fifth (Eutaw)* Regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Infantry was formed, by other companies joining the Eutaw Battalion, under the following officers:

Charles H. Simonton, colonel; John G. Pressley, lieutenant-colonel; John V. Glover, major; George H. Moffett, adjutant; J. E. Adger, quartermaster; D. D. Barr, commissary of subsistence; Wm. C. Ravenel, surgeon; A. Toomer Porter, chaplain.

The captains of the different companies composing the regiment were: James M. Carson, Company A, Washington Light Infantry; E. W. Lloyd, Company B, Washington Light Infantry; T. J. China, Company C, Wee Nee Volunteers; W. J. McKerall, Company D, Marion Light Infantry; N. B. Mazýck, Company E, Beauregard Light Infantry; M. Henry Sellers, Company F, St. Matthew's Rifles; James F. Izlar, Company G, Edisto Rifles; S. LeRoy Ham-

*One of the finest bands in the Confederate Army was attached to the Twenty-fifth Regiment. The bugler for the regiment, and also a member of the band, Wm. Galloway, was the bugler for Major Anderson in Fort Sumter.

mond, Company H, Yeadon Light Infantry; Y. N. Butler, Company I, Clarendon Guards; W. B. Gordon, Company K.

Captain John V. Glover having been promoted to the rank of major of the regiment, Lieutenant James F. Izlar became captain of the Edisto Rifles and First Sergeant George H. Elliott was elected third lieutenant to fill the vacancy in the company.* Though nature had not been very lavish towards Lieutenant Elliott in physical adornment or military appearance, still he was an all-round good man and a first rate soldier.

The regiment was mustered into Confederate service on the 22nd of July, 1862.† Colonel Johnson Hagood, who still commanded the First Regiment after its reorganization, was promoted to the rank of brigadier general on the 21st of July, 1862, and later when his brigade was made up the Twenty-fifth Regiment was assigned to it. After the evacuation of Cole's Island, the regiment was stationed at different points on James Island. Several times it was stationed at Secessionville, which is a summer resort of the planters and situated on the ocean side of the island, with several streams and creeks intervening, however. A most disagreeable and tiresome picket duty was inaugurated here which was done in small boats at night. The detail for picket duty, which consisted of a sergeant and four men, was furnished

*Second Sergeant Ben P. Izlar became orderly.

†At this date the Edisto Rifles and remaining companies of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were mustered into the Confederate States Army for three years or the war.

with different colored rockets to be sent up in case the enemy were discovered approaching, with intention of making a night attack, in small boats from the fleet on Folly Island. By the color of the rocket used as the signal the information would be conveyed from what point the attack was threatened, and the size of the force. The pickets were required to go down the creek till reaching a point about half-way from Secessionville to the mouth of Light House Inlet, and remain there all night, and exercise extreme vigilance. One can easily imagine how terribly tiresome it was to sit on the narrow, uncomfortable seat of an ordinary fisherman's rowboat, with scarcely room enough to even change your position, for at least ten hours.

On the 16th of June, 1862, the enemy made an assault on the fort at Secessionville with a force of about 3,000 men. The Twenty-fifth Regiment, under Colonel Charles H. Simonton, was ordered into position by General Hagood and during the battle lost several killed and wounded. The Edisto Rifles escaped without any casualty. Some of the Yankees killed in the fight by the fire of the regiment, fell in less than ten paces in front of the regimental line. The attacking force of the enemy was repulsed with considerable loss. The victory was complete for the Confederates; although the enemy at one time mounted the parapet. When this attack was made the fort was in very poor condition for defense; some of the guns were not mounted, and the fort itself was not finished. It was afterwards made much stronger,

but the Yankees seemed to be quite satisfied with this attempt to capture it, and never again repeated the attack.

When we occupied Secessionville it was frequently shelled by the Yankee batteries, and our guns would be opened also on theirs. Usually very little damage was done by their shells. On one occasion, however, while this artillery duel was in progress, and Colonel Pressley was superintending the firing of our battery, a shell from the Yankees exploded in our camp and wounded a brother of the colonel. One of the men went to the battery where he was and told him that his brother's hand had been torn off by a piece of shell. Pressley's only reply was, "It is very much to be regretted; give them another shell, lieutenant." You should not infer from this that he was devoid of the finer feelings and a heartless man; on the contrary, he was a thoroughly sympathetic man, but at the same time he was every inch a soldier.

In October, 1862, the Charleston and Savannah Railroad being threatened, the Twenty-fifth Regiment was ordered to Pocotaligo to reinforce the troops at that point. We went on open cars, the weather being bitter cold, the troops suffered very much. When we reached there the fight was about over, and the enemy repulsed with considerable loss. The regiment returned at once to James Island.

In December, 1862, the Twenty-fifth Regiment was ordered to Wilmington, North Carolina, but in a few days was ordered back to Charleston. In February,

1863, it was again ordered to Wilmington; this time it remained about two or three weeks, and was again ordered back, and again going into camp at Secessionville.

On July 8th, Lieutenant Samuel Dibble of the Edisto Rifles, while scouting on Long Island, was captured by the Yankees, and sent to a Northern prison on Johnson's Island. He was accompanied on this expedition by Sergeant McLeod of the Washington Light Infantry. Besides the usual supplies for a trip of this kind, they took with them a large spyglass belonging to Lieutenant Elliott. When Dibble was captured the glass was also. McLeod managed to escape, and while making his way back to the boat which they had used in going over to the island, he captured a Yankee scout, who also had a spyglass, and brought him into camp. So honors were easy, with this exception: we lost a good officer and a large glass, and got in exchange a private and a small one.

On the 16th of July General Hagood, being in command of the island, was ordered to make a reconnaissance towards the Stono River with several regiments. That part of James Island was then held by the enemy with a considerable force, the most of them being negro troops, under command of Colonel Montgomery. Hagood made the attack early in the morning, driving them back and capturing quite a number of prisoners. The Yankees hastily sought safety under the protection of their gunboats lying in the Stono River. Many of them were killed on

the picket line by our skirmishers. They became panic-stricken and evacuated the island that night. Lieutenant-Colonel Pressley was in command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment on this occasion, and seeing a battery of field pieces stationed at Legaré's house, which was firing at our line rapidly but doing little execution, he ordered the regiment to fix bayonets, and was in the act of giving the command to charge, when he was stopped by order of some superior officer, telling him that the orders were to go only so far, and that point had been reached. This battery was not exceeding two hundred yards from us, or perhaps not so far, and was without support, so far as could be seen, and its capture was a foregone conclusion. The regiment was sadly disappointed in not having the honor of capturing it and bringing it into our lines. In speaking of this incident afterwards, Colonel Pressley said he would regret as long as he lived, that he did not charge that battery, notwithstanding it would have been contrary to orders.

The Edisto Rifles was at that time being drilled in the bayonet exercise by an English officer by the name of Cockins. He went into the fight with the skirmishers and killed one or more of the negro soldiers with his pistol.

Privates Luther Myers and S. P. Hall, of the Edisto Rifles, were wounded. I picked up two good rubber tent flies and a new silk oilcloth raincoat which were left behind by the Yankees in their hasty flight.

Shortly after this I was detailed in the ordnance office and stationed at Dill's Bluff. There I was taken sick with typhoid fever and was sent home till I recovered. When I returned I reported to the company for duty.

A part of the regiment, including the Edisto Rifles, garrisoned Fort Sumter during one of the terrific bombardments by the Monitors. From the effects of the shells upon the walls of the fort, one of the casements fell in, killing thirteen of the Washington Light Infantry, who were occupying it as quarters.

On the first day of September, 1863, a battalion of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, the Edisto Rifles being one of the companies, composed a part of the garrison of Fort Wagner the last five days it was held by the Confederate forces, and was among the last troops to leave when it was evacuated at 11 o'clock on the night of the sixth of September. The Federal flag was flying over one angle of the fort while the Confederates marched quietly out of the sally-port on their way to Cumming's Point to make their escape in small boats to Forts Johnson and Sumter. This was successfully accomplished, with the loss of only one boat, containing Major F. F. Warley, of Second Artillery, and a few other soldiers, captured by the enemy. It is indeed singularly remarkable that a larger number were not made prisoners.

The duty in Wagner was so arduous and exhausting that the garrison had to be relieved every few

days. The detachment from the Twenty-fifth Regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pressley, went into Wagner on the night of the first day of September, being about the last troops ever sent there. I consider the duty in Wagner the most fearful experience of the four years in the war; especially the last three days and nights. No water, no sleep, very little to eat; and all the while fifteen-inch shells were being hurled in broadsides against the fort and the silent and suffering, but faithful garrison, by the powerful armament of the enemy's fleet. At the same time from quite a number of Coehorn mortars, which the Federal engineers had succeeded in placing very near the fort on the land side, an incessant shower of shells were being thrown over the parapet, falling promiscuously all over the interior of the fort and parade. On one of the vessels in the harbor the enemy had placed a revolving calcium light, which when turned on the fort made it almost as light as day and therefore it was impossible for the garrison and engineers to repair at night the damage sustained by the fort in the day's bombardment. Sentinels, posted on the parapet behind large stacks of sand bags for protection, were frequently knocked fifty feet by the projectiles thrown by the frigate *New Ironsides*, which had taken a position about five hundred yards from the fort and was firing broadsides from fifteen-inch guns every few minutes. Moses Rawlinson, a member of the Edisto Rifles, met his death in this manner. The mangled dead lay thick on every side, and their fast decaying remains



T. A. ELLIOTT

Mortally wounded near Chickamauga

under a hot September sun impregnated the atmosphere with a sickening noisome odor. Occasional showers of rain falling on these putrifying bodies, and seeping through the sandy soil, rendered the water supply, which to a large extent was obtained by digging shallow holes in the sand and sinking barrels therein, entirely unfit for use, and repulsive to smell. All of this, added to the groans of the dying and shrieks of the wounded, was enough to cause the stoutest heart to shudder and blanch the cheeks of the bravest of the brave.

During these terrific bombardments by the fleet and land batteries, it was impossible for the troops to remain exposed, and they were kept in the bomb-proof, except the sentinels and a few gunners. The bombproof was built of very heavy timbers and covered with ten or fifteen feet of sand. When the *Ironsides* would fire a broadside of shells from her fifteen-inch guns, the impact against the bombproof would cause the whole structure to quiver to its foundation, and the sand to fall in showers through interstices of the timbers down on the sweltering soldiers. It was horrifying to think that at any moment the fabric might give way and every one be buried in the wreck. Before the fort was evacuated the sand had been knocked off in one place down to the timbers. The charge of the Light Brigade was a holiday parade in comparison to the experience in Wagner.

After Hagood's brigade went to Virginia, it went into a charge with about seven hundred men and

Infantry, Colonel Peter C. Gaillard; Seventh Battalion, South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, was ordered to Virginia in May, 1864. A part of the Twenty-first Regiment and a battalion of the Twenty-fifth reached Petersburg on the morning of the sixth day of May. Major John V. Glover was in command of the battalion from the Twenty-fifth Regiment, in which was the Edisto Rifles. On arriving at Petersburg, Colonel Robert F. Graham took command of the two battalions, being the ranking officer present from the brigade, and we were hurried forward by rail to Walthall Junction to meet a strong force of the enemy which was advancing on that place and threatening Petersburg from that direction. Walthall Junction is a station on the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, and about seven miles from the first named city. Arriving there, the troops were hastily gotten from the cars and quickly formed in line of battle; the enemy being in sight and advancing in force, and not more than a half mile distant. Colonel Graham moved forward about a hundred yards and chose a good position in an old sunken roadbed, and awaited the approach of the Federals, who were moving forward slowly and cautiously. As soon as they got within good range the battle opened with a steady fire from both sides. The Yankee force consisted of a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery, under command of General Hickman, supported by another infantry brigade.

The Confederates numbered about five hundred men, with no artillery. The enemy pressed the attack with considerable vigor, but was repulsed with considerable loss, many being killed and wounded. The Confederates lost 35 killed and wounded. Among the severely wounded was Sam Hall of the Edisto Rifles.

The following is the report of this engagement made by Major General W. F. Smith, Hickman's Corps, commander:

"Headquarters Eighteenth Corps,
"May 27th, 1864.

"Maj. Genl. B. F. Butler:

"The attempt on the railroad failed, because the enemy resisted with unexpected strength. The place could have been carried probably, but only with a loss which General Hickman did not think proper to suffer for this object and risking the probable annihilation of his command. It is proposed now to renew the attempt with a force that will overcome all opposition. General Hickman reports troops brought in by rail from both directions during the fight. Colonel Dutton and Captain Webb, who were present, report troops as most ably handled, and behaving with greatest gallantry. General Hickman and both these officers are confident that the opposing forces consisted of veterans, and were little, if any, inferior in numbers, their position being one of great strength, though not fortified.

"W. F. SMITH, Maj. Gen."

No troops were brought in from either direction to reinforce the Confederates during the fight as reported by General Hickman. Both the Confederates and Federals, however, were reinforced during the night. General Hagood arrived with the remainder of his brigade, and also General Bushrod Johnson with his brigade, and the next morning the battle was renewed with much vigor and persistence by both sides, the enemy at one time getting possession of the railroad, which they held tenaciously for several hours, but were finally driven from their position by the Twenty-fifth Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Pressley. Near the close of the fight when the enemy were making their last stand, Colonel Pressley, Russell Zimmerman and myself had crossed the railroad in advance of the line of battle, and had taken position on a little hill; the three standing in line, and almost near enough together to touch elbows, I being in the center, when Russell Zimmerman was shot down, the ball striking him in the right eye and killing him instantly. He was on my left. Colonel Pressley a moment later was shot down, but not killed. As he fell back I caught him in my arms and placed him gently on the ground. The balls striking each of them was distinctly heard by myself, making a dull thud that lingered in my mind for months afterwards.

In this battle the Edisto Rifles had two fine soldiers killed: Sergeant J. E. Rast and Private Lewis Jenkins. Rast was killed outright, shot through the heart. J. M. O. Holman and E. E.

Inabinet, privates in the company, were wounded. After the fight was over, which was soon after the wounding of Colonel Pressley, I went back at his request in search of the ambulance corps, to have him brought from the field and receive medical attention. In going back I passed along the grounds over which the regiment had advanced in the fight. I found Sergeant Rast near the railroad dead, and Private Lewis Jenkins mortally wounded some distance farther back. He recognized and feebly spoke to me. I gave him water, but saw from his extreme condition that a few minutes more was all he had to live. He died on the field. They were both buried near where they fell. Subsequently their bodies were brought home. I succeeded in finding some of the litter bearers and had Colonel Pressley brought back to the turnpike where his wound was dressed by Dr. Logan. When we reached the surgeon with Colonel Pressley, he was dressing the wound of Captain Wm. E. Stoney, the A. A. general of Hagood's brigade. He was lying on a stretcher, and his face was as white as a sheet. He was shot through the breast. I did not think it possible as I gazed in his face that he could survive, but he did and lived for many years after the war closed. When I returned with the litter bearers to Colonel Pressley, and they were placing him on the stretcher, I picked up his sword, which fell to the ground when he was shot. He seeing what I had done said, "Yes, bring it along; I may never have use for it again, but I have a son at home who will."

He wore on this occasion a new uniform, and when the surgeon commenced to cut it, that the wound might be located, which was in the shoulder of the sword arm, Colonel Pressley said to him, "Rip it in the seam, doctor; rip it in the seam!" Uniforms cost money in those days, and he did not propose to have his dissected by the doctor. When the surgeon had given him all the aid possible under the circumstances he was placed in an ambulance and taken to the hospital in Petersburg. He insisted that I should go with him, which I did. He talked in a hazy, rambling manner of the fight and conduct of the troops all the way to the city; caused, I suppose, by the anesthetic administered by the surgeon. After seeing him properly cared for at the hospital, I returned to Walthall Junction, riding Colonel Pressley's horse, "Chester," which he instructed me to turn over to Major Glover, who was then in command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, by Colonel Pressley being *hors de combat*. The regiment lost the services of a brave and intrepid officer when he was so seriously wounded; and one to whom the men had become greatly attached. Though a rigid disciplinarian, he guarded jealously the rights of his men, and would brook no imposition on them or interference with them. He never was able to rejoin the command, his right arm being resected near the shoulder joint. He was a lawyer by profession, and after the war he moved to California, where he was elected judge. He died about 1890.



SERGEANT WM. V. IZLAR
Edisto Rifles

Captured Town Creek, N. C., Feb. 10,
1865

The ladies of Petersburg voted a flag to Hagood's brigade for this great victory and saving Petersburg from capture by the enemy. I have no recollection of the flag having ever been received by the brigade.

In the reports of this battle two of the Edisto Rifles are mentioned as having acted with conspicuous gallantry. (See Official Records of the War.) One of them now has in his possession the original letters written by the commander of the Twenty-fifth Regiment in this battle to Adjutant-General Cooper, of the Confederate States, in which he urges the promotion of this Edisto Rifleman, stating his reasons in a detailed account of valorous incidents and deeds performed by him which came under the personal observation of the regimental commander during the battle. These papers have also a flattering endorsement by the brigade commander, General Johnson Hagood.

During the night the Confederate forces evacuated Walthall Junction and fell back about three miles nearer Petersburg and established a line behind Swift Creek; Captain James F. Izlar of the Edisto Rifles withdrawing the outpost pickets and bringing up the rear. The arrival of General Butler with his whole army made this retrograde movement a military necessity. Hagood's brigade threw up works about two hundred yards from Swift Creek, on the Petersburg side, and made preparations to meet the advance of Butler's army. The Twenty-fifth Regiment was placed on the right of the turnpike facing towards Richmond. Some of these fortifications are

standing there today (1908) in fairly good preservation.

Butler's army came up and occupied the high grounds on the opposite side of the creek, facing the Confederates. Our picket line was established near the creek, and on the post nearest the turnpike and bridge were men from Captain Sellers' company. This being the situation when late one afternoon, near dark, a lone horseman rode down the turnpike from towards Petersburg, passing through our lines unmolested, and attempted to cross the bridge spanning the creek. When called upon to halt by the pickets, he spurred his horse forward, whereupon he was fired upon by them and both he and his horse killed. One of the Shulers, of Sellers' company, was supposed to have fired the fatal shot which brought down the rider. From memoranda found on his body he proved to be a Yankee scout. Where he came from or how he got in our lines was never found out. In the distribution of his outfit, I fell heir to his shoes. Not being over particular at that time as to style, fit or finish, I thought myself in great luck.

A few days later a reconnoisance was made across the creek by the Eleventh Regiment and a battalion from the Twenty-fifth, all under command of Colonel Gantt. It was not long after crossing over before the enemy was struck in strong force, when a short but severe engagement followed, in which Captain Hammond and both of his lieutenants, Seabrook and Hammond, were killed, leaving his com-

pany without a commissioned officer. All three of them were good officers. Captain Hammond was of poetic turn of mind and wrote some very pretty verses under the *nom de plume* of "Charlie Wildwood."

From unknown cause, the Federal General Butler (known as "Beast" Butler), the night after this affair fell back with his whole army to Bermuda Hundred. The Confederates finding the way open at once took up the march to Drewry's Bluff by way of the turnpike, bivouacking for the night about half-way between Petersburg and Richmond, and in close proximity to Butler's army; why we were not attacked that night I never could understand; we were not molested, however, and the troops moved forward at daybreak next morning, and on reaching Drewry's Bluff occupied the outer line of fortifications, which had already been built for the defense of Fort Darling and Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy.

On the march to Drewry's Bluff we passed over the ground where a few days before had been fought a severe cavalry skirmish. One of the troopers had the misfortune of having his horse killed in the action and had buried her near the turnpike, placing a piece of board to mark the spot, on which he had carved with his penknife this inscription:

"Fast, fearless and faithful,
Fanny,
The war horse of Darden."

I have a profound respect and admiration for any man who has a heart big and tender enough to be touched by the loss of his dumb but faithful companion. It was a rough board and crude carving, it is true, but by these were expressed more genuine sorrow and feeling than is often felt by those erecting elaborate and costly marble shafts in memory of departed relatives. Finding our force too small to hold the outer line of fortifications successfully, the troops were withdrawn to the inner or shorter line. General Butler soon came up with the Federal troops and occupied the line which had been abandoned by the Confederates, and at once went to work strengthening and making such other changes necessary to an attacking or investing army. The Confederates having been considerably augmented by troops from around Richmond, and General Beauregard having arrived on the field and taken command, decided to recover the lines which the Yankees were then occupying.

Early in the morning of May the 16th the Federals were attacked by the Confederates and driven from the entrenchments, all the lines were recovered, Butler's army routed, precipitately fled back to Bermuda Hundred.

As General Grant expressed it, "Butler had been bottled up by Beauregard."

The Edisto Rifles lost in killed and wounded in the battle of Drewry's Bluff fifteen men. Killed: Lieutenant George H. Elliott, Corporal J. R. Kennerly; Privates Morgan L. Austin and G. W. B.

Fairey. (All four of these were killed by the same shell.) Wounded: Sergeants Ben P. Izlar and J. H. Hook; Corporal Theodore Kohn; Privates Frank Inabinet, mortally; John Ashe, leg amputated above the knee; Andrew J. Smoak, Murray Robinson, James H. Arant, Ben H. Sanders, E. H. Irick and O. J. Syphret.

Lieutenant Elliott, Corporal Kennerly and Privates Austin and Fairey were buried near the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, not far from where they were killed.

Corporal Theodore Kohn was wounded in the hand about the time the enemy were driven from their works. I happened to be near him at the time, and he held up his hand to me and said: "Look here, Willie, what the d—d Yankees have done to me." His language was so emphatic and earnest, that it made me feel like laughing, but I did not know how soon my turn might come. Corporal Kohn was by birth a Bavarian, coming South when about ten years old and making Orangeburg, South Carolina, his home; at maturity he was thoroughly Southern in sentiment and principle, and lost no time in responding to the first call to arms. He was in service for the four years, making a reliable and trustworthy soldier. After the war he did a successful mercantile business in Orangeburg for many years. He died in 1902.

[In an issue of *The Confederate Veteran* there was reproduced the photographs of three Confederate soldiers, with the request that if they were recognized by any of their friends, to communicate with Mr. A. R. Thorn, No. 5507 Southport Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and they would be returned. These pictures were said to

When the troops were advancing to the attack on the morning of the 16th, Ben Sanders, of the Edisto Rifles, picked up a piece of sole leather about a foot square, and one of the boys said to him, "Take that along, Ben, it is a good thing to have." "I am going to," replied Ben. He had scarcely said this, when he was struck by a minnie ball and badly wounded. He threw down the leather and called out lustily: "Some one take me away from here!" Ben was a first rate little red-headed fellow. The boys all called him "Chucker", being but another name for Woodpecker. He moved to Texas after the war and died there.

Captain J. H. Brooks, of the Seventh Battalion, took his company into the fight numbering seventy-five men. He had twenty killed and forty-five wounded; only ten came out unhurt.

A Federal battery of field pieces, of five guns, stationed on the turnpike, commanded by Captain Belcher, was captured by Hagood's Brigade, with a number of prisoners. The doughty captain presented a somewhat picturesque appearance in his wet and muddy uniform, and he thought it necessary to make an explanation by saying when he saw that his

have been picked up by this Federal soldier when Sherman's Army passed through South Carolina, and who had them in his possession since that time. I was surprised in seeing these pictures in *The Veteran* to recognize three members of the Edisto Rifles: Sergeants Ben P. Izlar and Wm. V. Izlar and Corporal Theodore Kohn. I at once communicated with Mr. Thorn, who returned the pictures to me. I have duplicates of these pictures taken by Quimby of Charleston in 1862, taken from same negatives. From the description of the place from where these photos were taken, one can easily recognize my father's home.]

battery would be captured he lay down in a ditch to protect himself from the minie balls. I don't know but what he did as many others would have done under the same circumstances. Minie balls have a very spiteful sound in passing through the air, and an ugly way of not giving the road to anything or anybody.

After the battle was over I took the captain with other prisoners back to the Bluff and turned them over to the provost guard.

In the reports made of this battle two members of the Edisto Rifles were mentioned for conspicuous gallantry: Sergeant Ben P. Izlar and Corporal Ira T. Shoemaker. (See Records of War of the Rebellion.)

To illustrate how wild and aimless firing is often done in battles, I will relate a circumstance which came under my observation while the fight was raging and firing fiercest: There was a tall pine tree standing just on the inside of the line of fortifications or breastworks and my attention being attracted in that direction, I noticed that the balls from the rifles of the Yankees were cutting the needles and cones from extreme top of this tree, and knocking the bark off all the way down as low as the breastworks. It is reasonable to suppose that thousands of them went even higher than this pine. At the time of this incident the two lines of battle were not more than one hundred yards apart. I had often thought, how it was possible for so few to be slain when there was such terrific firing; the

mystery was solved on that day. When you consider the great amount of ammunition expended in battles, the loss of life is insignificant in comparison. Soldiers never go into a battle with less than forty rounds to the man, and frequently sixty, and very often they have to be replenished during the engagement. In a battle where 5,000 men are engaged having forty rounds to the man, will make in the aggregate 200,000 cartridges; if the fight last several hours all of these will be expended, and perhaps more, as already stated. If 500 men are killed, which is a fair and liberal estimate for the number engaged, we have then only one fatal shot out of every 400 cartridges fired, or, in other words, 399 misses to one hit, counting the killed as hits. This estimate is made when no artillery is used.

This low rate of mortality is caused by excitement and reckless firing, which shows how very essential it is to have a cool and steady commander, one who by his own demeanor and example inspires confidence in his men.

As a rule, when about equal numbers are engaged, victory always goes to the army that is well organized, well commanded and free from any semblance of demoralization. There was much military wisdom in the order or admonition of Colonel Prescott at the Battle of Bunker Hill, to the Continental troops when being charged by the British: "Wait till you can see the whites of their eyes before firing."

It would seem from the estimate made of the killed in battles, that soldiers ought not to feel any great



SERGEANT L. HAYNE CULLER
Edisto Rifles

Captured Town Creek, N. C., Feb. 10,
1865

fear when going into a fight, that is when he has 399 chances in his favor out of 400; but I never yet saw one who went crazy by not having the opportunity of taking even that chance in the lottery. It is well to remember that there are exceptions to this rule in many instances: frequently, two or three men are killed by one rifle ball, or half a dozen by the bursting of a shell fired by a field piece.

After all, war is a pretty hazardous game, under the most favorable circumstances, and it is never safe to tempt fate or dare death rashly or needlessly.

The plan of the battle of Drewry's Bluff was faultless, and had the orders of General Beauregard been carried out General Butler and his army would have inevitably been captured, which was the intention of the Confederate commander. The part of the program he took upon himself, which by far was the most important, was a great success, in every particular.

The following order was issued to Major General Whiting, commanding at Petersburg and only twelve miles from Drewry's Bluff, on May the 15th, the day before the battle:

“General: I shall attack the enemy in my front tomorrow at daylight by river road to cut him off from his Bermuda base. You will take up your position tonight on Swift Creek with Wise's, Martin's and Dearing's brigades and two of Colquitt's regiments, and about twenty pieces under Colonel Jones. At daylight you will march to Walthall

Junction, and when you hear an engagement in your front, you will advance boldly and rapidly by shortest road, in direction of heaviest firing, to attack enemy in rear or flank. You will protect your flanks with Dearing's cavalry, taking necessary precautions to distinguish friends from foes. This revokes all former orders for movements.

“Respectfully your obedient servant,

“G. T. BEAUREGARD,

“General Commanding.”

Unfortunately Butler's beaten, demoralized and retreating army was permitted to reach Burmuda Hundred through the failure of this officer to execute the orders he received, and thereby this brilliant conception of a rare, military genius was thwarted, and the fruits of a great victory lost. Butler and his fleeing army must have passed within a mile or two of General Whiting and his forces. Had the Confederates attacked at this opportune time, in the flank while General Beauregard assailed them in the rear, the fate of Butler and his thirty thousand men would have been defeat and surrender. Somebody blundered of course.

Not hearing anything from General Whiting, Beauregard put his army in motion and followed close behind the retreating Federals till they reached their base at Bermuda Hundred. Hagood's brigade engaged in heavy skirmishing with them at Ware Bottom Church, Captain Izlar of the Edisto Rifles being in command of the brigade skirmish line. The

severest firing I ever heard on a skirmish line was on this occasion. While the firing was hottest a frightened deer ran down the rear of the line of skirmishers of the brigade, the boys forgot the Yankees for the moment and turned their guns on the fleeing buck, and an Edisto Rifleman, Rufus Bonnett, had the distinction of bringing him down. They could not resist that innate feeling of the true Southern sportsman, even in the face of great danger.

On the 31st of May Hagood's Brigade was ordered from Bermuda Hundred to Richmond; marching to Chester station and taking cars for that city. When the pickets were being withdrawn preparatory to the march, I was sent by Major Glover, who was then in command of the Twenty-fifth, to bring in the pickets of the regiment. This required considerable cautiousness as the two lines in our front were very near together and the night not specially dark. In crossing a ravine which intersected the lines, I lost my direction somewhat, and found myself between the two lines and almost at that of the enemy. I was not discovered, however, and crept back, but being in danger of being shot by friends as well as foes. I succeeded in running the gauntlet in safety, and collecting all the pickets returned to the command.

On reaching Richmond the brigade was marched via Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill to Cold Harbor, and there on the first day of June became a part of the "Army of Northern Virginia" under General Robert E. Lee. The "Army of the Potomac," under

General U. S. Grant, was well up in front, and preparations for battle were being pushed by both commanders. General Grant relied upon his powerful and well equipped army to crush General Lee by sheer force of numbers; and by frequent and heavy assaults he hoped to wear away the resources of his opponent. In other words, he expected to finally gain success "by attrition," as he designated this mode of warfare.

While on the march and when the Twenty-fifth Regiment reached Gaines' Mill, Major Glover, riding by a horse hitched on the side of the road, received a severe kick on his leg near his ankle; the effects of this kick proved quite painful in a few days. He remained at his post, however, like the good and brave soldier he was, but was so unfortunate as to be shot in the hand a short time after by one of the enemy's sharpshooters while in the trenches at Cold Harbor. These two wounds became so serious that he was ordered to the hospital in Richmond by the surgeon. A great misfortune befell the Twenty-fifth Regiment and the Southern cause when soon after reaching the hospital his wounds developed into erysipelas and he died. He was quiet, conscientious and brave; one of the finest officers in the brigade. On drill he was without a peer. I was greatly attached to him and felt his loss deeply. *Sit tibi terra levis.**

*Colonel Simonton joined the regiment here; but only for a few days, when he was again detached.

Captain Gordon being the ranking officer of the regiment present for duty, was placed in command of the regiment after Major Glover was sent to the hospital.

When the brigade reached Cold Harbor a strong skirmish line was thrown forward under Captain Izlar of the Edisto Rifles and brisk fire was kept up with the enemy for several hours. As soon as a line of defense was selected, every man in the brigade went vigorously and energetically to work with his bayonet and tin cup to throw up a breastwork for protection. The enemy did not attack at once, but an advance was momentarily expected, as the Yankees were very near in our front and the movement of artillery and commands of officers distinctly heard. It is indeed surprising what a large amount of work can be accomplished in a short space of time with no better implements than tin cups and bayonets under such circumstances, especially if the Yankee sharpshooters are getting in their work in good style, which they usually did.

After the troops were fairly well protected and prepared, about daylight on the morning of June the 3rd the Federals made the assault. A large regiment commanded by Colonel Kellogg, which had only reached General Grant a day or two before, led the advance, and charged our line a little to the left of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. It advanced in fine order till it had reached a point about sixty yards from the Confederate line of works, when suddenly a scathing fire was vigorously opened upon

them; very few came any nearer. Colonel Kellogg was killed at the head of his regiment. The position reached by his troops was distinctly marked by a line of dead soldiers in blue in front of the Confederates. Another Federal colonel by the name of Townsend (if I remember correctly), who was also in the assaulting columns, becoming dazed by a wound he received in the head, rode up to our line and gave the command, "Cease firing!" Seeing his condition, he was brought in and sent to the hospital where he died.

The actual length of time in making this general assault on the Confederate lines was not over ten minutes. In that short space of time General Grant lost 13,000 men. It seems incredible!* The Southern troops were very cool and confident, and fired with great accuracy and with deadly effect. Grant's army became thoroughly demoralized and positively refused to make another assault although orders were issued to that effect. The whole North became nervous and agitated, and many prominent men were inclined to open peace negotiations, but the Federal Army just about this critical time was successful in its operations at some other points, which somewhat allayed the fears of Northern politicians and imparted fresh enthusiasm to the despondent Army of the Potomac.

General Grant abandoned his position at Cold Harbor and moved by left flank towards Richmond and the James River. After he withdrew his troops

*The Confederate loss was insignificant in comparison.

from our front I walked over grounds which he had occupied, and saw many unburied dead and also a great many with only a few shovels of dirt thrown on them. Some of these were in sitting posture, as it were, leaning against trees, with dirt thrown on them, their feet and heads exposed. Evidence of hasty withdrawal was on all sides.

While occupying the trenches at Cold Harbor the following incidents occurred: One beautiful fair day when all sharpshooting had ceased on the lines, and all was quiet and calm as though a general truce had been declared,—we sometimes had such intervals when you would not hear a gun for a day or more,—at such times the soldiers could move about with more freedom, and without so much fear of being the target for a sharpshooter, Sam Inabinet, of Captain Sellers's company, was sitting on the breastworks with his back towards the enemy cleaning his gun; Captain James F. Izlar, Lieutenant George H. Moffett and myself were standing in a rifle pit, about twenty-five feet in rear, and immediately in front of Inabinet, and facing towards him, when suddenly the Yankees fired a piece of artillery, which they trained on the group, the shell decapitating Inabinet and passing between two of us in the rifle pit, exploded a short distance in our rear. Our faces and uniforms were spattered with the poor fellow's blood and brains. These rifle pits are usually five or six feet long, and, therefore, a shell passing between two of the occupants must have missed them by a very narrow margin. The impact of this shell with the

clay in front of the pit which had been thrown out in excavating it, was clearly and plainly defined, so there was no mistake as to where it passed.

Another incident with a little more humor attached occurred here also. Private Abe Rawlinson, of the Edisto Rifles, while returning from a spring where he had gone to fill his canteen, was discovered by the Yankees, who promptly opened fire on him. They missed Rawlinson, but one of their balls cut his canteen strap and his canteen of water fell to the ground. He did not take time to pick it up, but with the balls singing past him, he made fine time to the trenches.

In June, while the brigade was in the trenches at Cold Harbor, I was sent for by General Hagood, and on reporting to him he said: "Sergeant Izlar, I sent for you to offer you promotion, and if you will accept the captaincy of — company, I will have you commissioned as soon as possible." Major Glover and Lieutenant Moffett were both present and urged me to accept this very flattering offer. Being taken entirely by surprise, having no previous intimation of a proposition of this nature placed before me, I said: "General, I feel highly complimented and flattered by your interest in me, and your appreciation of me as a soldier; your offer greatly appeals to my wishes and vanity, but there are private reasons which force me reluctantly to decline." It was a hard thing indeed for me to turn my back on a captain's commission when the goal of my military ambition was to wear stars on my



J. HILLIARD HOOK
Sergeant Edisto Rifles

Wounded Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16,
1864

collar. Being a captain the prize was only one step higher. I stated my reasons for declining, to which all three seemed to give consideration. When it was too late, I regretted my hasty action, and will always do so.

Private Lewis F. Rush was killed in June while the Edisto Rifles was in the trenches at Cold Harbor.

General Grant kept moving his army further south, and finally crossed the Appomattox River and threatened Petersburg. Hagood's brigade was the first Confederate troops to reach there and confront him, arriving on the 15th day of June about sun-down. The enemy had just captured a portion of the outer line of defences of the city, next to the Appomattox River and the troops that had occupied the works at this point were falling back in disorder. The brigade was hurried forward on the City Point road and on reaching the field General Hagood promptly established a new line to cover that part of the defences which had been captured by the enemy. This new line was held till the 18th, when the troops were withdrawn to a line nearer the city, which had been previously prepared, and which was held by the Confederate troops till Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated.

Sylvanus P. Hall of the Edisto Rifles was killed on the skirmish line on the 16th, the day after the brigade reached Petersburg. His body fell into the hands of the enemy. Hagood's Brigade remained in the trenches here sixty-three days without relief.

The Federal attacking force on the 15th was commanded by General W. F. Smith. With the number of men he had under him, he could have easily captured Petersburg, if he had been aggressive and persistent in his movements. Hagood's Brigade constituted principally the only troops in his front, after Colonel Tabb's regiment of Wise's brigade had been driven in, and not one-fourth of the line of earth-works built to protect the city was manned at that time. General Grant says Smith had with him 1,500 infantry, four batteries of artillery, besides cavalry. He also had two divisions of Hancock's corps in easy supporting distance. With this force to make the attack and the exceedingly small force to oppose him, he made a ridiculous fiasco.

This was the second time Hagood's brigade saved Petersburg from capture by the Union army, and on both occasions General W. F. Smith was in command of the attacking forces. The first time was at Walthall Junction, when the disparity in numbers was even greater than on the 15th of June. A skillful general or one of ordinary dash and sagacity could have gone into the city on the heels of the few retreating Confederate soldiers that were driven from the works. I suppose, however, that Grant's army had been handled so roughly, and beaten so badly in every engagement with the Southern troops after crossing the Rapidan, that General Smith lacked confidence in his men, and therefore could not depend upon them in an emergency; the experience they had met with in recent conflicts with Lee's army

had to a great extent destroyed the morale of Grant's army. In his Wilderness campaign of 1864, in the short space of forty-five days General Grant lost more men than General Lee had in the Army of Northern Virginia. This is remarkable, but is true as the records will show. On June the 2nd, 1864, General Grant's army numbered 141,160 men when he crossed the Rapidan,* while General Lee had in his *immediate* command 30,000. This does not include the garrison around Richmond or troops in the valley. All told he had about 4,000 men in a forty-mile line for defense of Richmond and Petersburg. Grant's aggregate loss after crossing the Rapidan the 4th day of May up to the 18th day of June was 65,000. In the meantime he had received reinforcements to the number of 55,000. To meet this grand army, General Lee could only bring to the front 53,000 men.

William Swinton, in his *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, gives figures of Grant's losses at this time, which about agree with those stated above.

General Grant is rated as a great military com-

*Secretary Stanton, in his report May 1st, 1864, makes the available force for duty as follows:

Department of Washington.....	42,124
Army of Potomac.....	120,380
Department of Virginia and North Carolina.....	59,139
Department of West Virginia.....	30,782
Middle Department.....	5,627
Ninth Army Corps.....	20,780

So it will be seen, that besides his army of 141,160 men, Grant had a reserve on which he could draw of 137,672 men.

Add to General Lee's force all the troops under General Beauregard and all reinforcements secured by General Lee during the campaign and still Grant outnumbered Lee at least four to one.

mander, and justly so; nevertheless he was checkmated, beaten and foiled in every movement by his matchless opponent Robert E. Lee, with about one-third the number of men and resources. General Grant was patient, tenacious, aggressive, persistent and counted not the cost in lives to attain his object. General Lee could not often afford to be aggressive, but was vigilant, alert, active, quick to discern the movements and intentions of his adversary and prompt in action to meet and foil them. It is pretty well conceded in this day and time that General Grant was entirely outclassed by General Lee as a military commander. General Wolseley of England, the highest military authority of Europe, said that "Lee was the greatest general who ever spoke the English language." In my opinion, he might not have confined himself to the English tongue, and yet have made a truthful assertion. In speaking of this great captain, the Hon. Ben Hill of Georgia said: "He was Cæsar without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!"

The Twenty-fifth Regiment of Hagood's brigade occupied the trenches with the Petersburg race track immediately in front, with the left near the City Point road; the left regiment of the brigade resting on the Appomattox River. General Colquitt's brigade of Georgia volunteers joined the Twenty-

fifth on the right and faced Hare's Hill. We remained in this position for more than two months. The lines here were very near together, and the duty was arduous and dangerous. The approach to the works was through covered ways, and all communication with the city and rear was done through these covered ways. It was dangerous to expose any part of yourself for a moment. Firing was incessant night and day. General Hagood's headquarters were near the trenches and in rear of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. He would frequently come down the line and mingle with the men. On one of these occasions, while in conversation I asked him if he ever felt any fear when going into battle. I shall never forget his reply, which was this: "Izlar, I consider a man brave who, knowing and feeling the danger, goes forward regardless of consequences. Any man who says he feels no fear in going into a battle is either a d—n fool or a d—n liar." Knowing the feelings that came over me when waiting for the command to move forward on the enemy, I felt great comfort in the general's reply.

At daybreak on the morning of the 24th an attempt was made to break the Yankee line next to the Appomattox River by the regiments of Hagood's brigade opposite that position; these regiments were on the extreme left of the brigade. The assault was only partially successful, owing to the failure of the troops, under General Anderson, who were to support the attacking column to be on time. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, of the Seventh Battalion, with sev-

eral hundred picked men led the attack, supported by the remainder of the Eleventh and Twenty-first regiments, about 600 men. He was killed in the charge. The idea was to break the enemy's line where it touched the Appomattox River and double it back towards Hare's Hill. Should the attack prove successful on the left, it was to become general all along the line. When arrangements were being made for this movement, I was placed in command of Company "H" of the Twenty-fifth Regiment and given these instructions by General Hagood: "When the order is given cross over the breastworks and lead your company direct to the battery of the enemy you see in your front and capture it." No one could possibly misunderstand an order as explicit as that. Some one has said, "There is something exhilarating and highly exciting to stand and look at a grand and successful charge; nothing on this green earth is half so grand as the sight of soldiers moving into action. A cavalry charge is superb, artillery dashing into the field carries you away, while the deadly infantry moving into the jaws of death causes you to hold your breath in admiration." Even to be one of the number engaged, we sometimes feel a careless, reckless indifference, amidst the sulphurous smoke and lurid flash of bursting shells; but to stand up and receive cold-blooded orders to charge a ten-gun battery, and only awaiting the signal to do it, gets dead on your nerves and no mistake. Having failed to break the Federal lines, the general assault was not ordered. The enemy's rifle pits were captured, however, by the

charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, and held all day, showing conclusively that the Yankees lacked the nerve to make a counter charge. The brigade lost in this action 25 killed, 73 wounded and 208 missing. (General Hagood's report.)

A few days after this, the pickets in front of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were driven in by the enemy. A detail was made consisting of about fifty men and placed under command of Captain McKerall and myself for the purpose of driving back the Yankees and reëstablishing the line. We deployed our men just outside the entrenchment and advanced cautiously. We soon struck the enemy and a brisk and stubborn skirmish ensued for about fifteen minutes, when we succeeded in driving them from their advanced position, recaptured our line of pits, and reëstablished our line somewhat in advance of the old line. Especially was this the case next to the City Point Road. This threw our line on one side of the road a little in advance of the enemy's on the other, making a trap into which several officers of the Yankee picket were caught before they made the discovery. The same night we drove them out of the pits they had previously captured from our troops, and established the new line, the inspecting officer of the Yankee pickets walked into this trap and was captured by William Taylor, a member of the Edisto Rifles, who was posted on that part of the line next to the City Point Road, and was taken back at once to General Hagood's headquarters. When Taylor returned to the picket line, he came to me and told me

of the capture of this officer, and also said to me that his prisoner wore a beautiful sword and belt which was at General Hagood's headquarters and he wanted me to have it. If Taylor had expressed this wish to the general, I feel sure he would have complied with the request, but next morning Captain McKerall reported to headquarters before I did, and the sword and belt were turned over to him, much to my disappointment. By way of compromise Captain McKerall gave me his, which was a very good one, but nothing to compare to the other.

From the ceaseless firing kept up night and day the guns would often become so foul that in ramming a ball home the ramrod would become fast and had to be fired along with the charge. They made a peculiar weird sound when passing through the air, almost uncanny enough to give one a nervous chill. I never heard of any one being hit by one of them.

I asked Sergeant Shoemaker one day how he liked the life in the trenches. He said, "He would not mind it if the damned Yankees did not shoot so careless; they would as soon hit you in the face as anywhere else."

The enemy made several attempts to break through the Confederate lines at different times. One of these assaults was made on the 18th day of June from Hare's Hill on Colquitt's salient, which was immediately in front of the hill. This salient was occupied by Colquitt's brigade of Georgians, who joined the Twenty-fifth Regiment on the right. The weather had been dry for some time,



SERGEANT BENJ. P. IZLAR
Edisto Rifles

Wounded Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16,
1864. Wounded Weldon Railroad, Va.,
Aug. 21, 1864. Captured Fort Fisher,
N. C., Jan. 15, 1865.

and from the clouds of dust that rose from behind the hill it was evident that Grant was massing his troops for an attack at this point on our lines, and everything was in readiness when the time came. They made the charge in three lines of battle. As they came down the hill it was really a magnificent sight as viewed from the position where I was standing. The Twenty-fifth Regiment was quite near enough to pour a galling fire in their right flank with telling effect. When the Confederates opened fire upon them a few turned and fled; the nearer they approached our lines the more rapid and deadly grew the firing, and when their column had descended about half way the slope of the hill, it appeared to be about equally divided; as many in retreat as there were in the advance. Soon after this the whole attacking force turned and fled wildly up the hill in hopeless panic and confusion, hastened by a continuous stream of lead and iron from the Confederate line. The retreat lost much of the imposing grandeur of the advance, but to those witnessing it, it appeared far more pleasing, if not so spectacular. Hundreds of them were left dead on the slope of the hill.

I passed down the slope of Hare's Hill, over which this charge was made, a few months ago (1908) and saw there a granite monument erected by the survivors of the First Maine heavy artillery which bears this inscription :

“MAINE
FIRST HEAVY ARTILLERY.
IN MEMORY OF
604 BRAVE MEMBERS, WHO FELL
CHARGING HERE
JUNE 18TH, 1864.”

The following is an account of that day's charge written by a Union soldier who was one of the survivors. His narration conforms in most every particular to my recollection of the events of that disastrous day to the Federal army:

“CARNAGE IN FIRST MAINE HEAVY
ARTILLERY.

“ITS FATE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA., JUNE
18, 1864.

“*By Capt. G. L. Kilmer, Military Editor American Press Association.*

“Utterly hopeless was the gallant charge of the First Maine Heavy Artillery at Petersburg June 18, 1864. The action lasted but ten minutes; the regiment went in alone, and lost more men than any war. The circumstances were peculiar. The First Maine belonged to Hancock's Corps, that had borne the brunt of the hard fighting of the previous six weeks in Grant's Wilderness campaign, including the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, and had lost in these conflicts over thirteen thousand killed and wounded out of a total of thirty-

six thousand engaged. At Petersburg on the 16th and 17th of June the corps lost heavily, and on the 18th was ordered to push forward where the Confederates had, as it transpired, planted their 'last ditch.'

"The point where the First Maine charged was a salient built by General Colquitt's troops and known as 'Colquitt's salient.' It was a bare ridge called Hare's Hill, and was in front of the site of the Hare house, where the Union Fort Stedman afterwards stood. Several attempts had already been made by these troops to carry the salient; but although repeated trials and failures had been noted at army headquarters, word came to General Gershom Mott to try again with his Third Division. Mott protested to his superior, General Birney, then commanding in Hancock's stead, that it was sheer murder, a repetition of the slaughter of Cold Harbor. 'My orders to you are to assault,' said Birney.

"'I knew,' said Mott afterwards, 'that it was useless to expect suicide en masse from my old troops who had seen the wolf, had felt his teeth, and bore the scars. All I could hope was that a heavy artillery regiment, the First Maine, innocent of the danger it would incur, would lead off with a dash and carry the works with a rush.'

"The First Maine at the time of the order lay some distance back from the scene of the charge, and the men learned that they were to go in where other troops had failed. Every man on extra duty was called on to handle a musket, and the total roster, as

I have it from Major Fred C. Low, who was a lieutenant in Company B, was eight hundred and thirty-two men. The regiment was formed in three battalions of four companies each, each battalion led by a major, and had what is called a battalion front—that is, there were three lines of two ranks each, one line leading and the others following successively, each line composed of a battalion. The First was in McAllister's Brigade, and several other regiments of the brigade were formed behind it in the same order. On each side of McAllister's Brigade was another brigade, formed in the same order, so that the force under Mott was three columns of a brigade each, the First Maine being at the head of the central column.

"The key to the Confederate line lay in front of the First Maine, about five hundred yards distant. The intervening space was an open field, slightly rising toward the enemy. The Confederate batteries on both sides of Colquitt's salient and the infantry as well could rake the ground over which the column was to charge. General McAllister was at the time temporarily commanding another brigade, and on attempting an assault with this command over the very ground where the First Maine was to lead his men 'fell like forest leaves under a hailstorm,' and he gave it up. When he learned what was on foot with his own brigade, he said: 'God help them. They cannot advance on those works; they cannot live. The enfilade fire will cut them down.'

“In the full knowledge of all this, all excepting the fact that they were to go forward alone and that the regiments behind and on each side were not to move one foot until the forlorn hope had broken through the enemy’s line, the Maine boys made ready for the terrible work. Major Low says: ‘When the men saw what was expected of them, knapsacks were taken off and thrown into a pile and bayonets fixed. Orders were to remove the caps from the muskets and rely entirely upon the bayonet. The men’s faces had grown very serious. We knew that very many of us were to die. Men turned to their comrades bidding each other good-bye, and with tears trickling down their cheeks dictated messages to wives, fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts in case they should be among the slain and their comrades survive. I myself received a number of such messages.’

“Upon receipt of the word ‘forward!’ the Maine men sprang at double-quick, and the moment the first battalion line appeared above the embankment where the column formed the slaughter began. ‘Men were shot dead within the first five feet,’ says Captain F. A. Cummings, a survivor. ‘The crash of two thousand muskets rent the air as a long line of flame leaped from the works in our front, and the well-known yell of the Army of Northern Virginia mingled with the roar of the Rebel batteries on our right and left as their canister followed the musket balls of the infantry and tore enormous gaps in our ranks. The First Battalion melted away before this fire and lay in a heap, officers and men, except now

and then a scattering one who had miraculously escaped. Before the Second or Third Battalion reached its place the regimental formation had been almost obliterated, and two-thirds of the First Maine lay stricken upon the field. Still without firing a gun, but in blind obedience to orders, the remnant struggled on toward that pitiless line of fire that never once ceased or slackened. The reader will understand that regiment was alone.'

"Major Low thinks that some of the men went within fifty yards of the enemy's works, but could not attain the barrier before them. They submitted like heroes to the tempest of canister balls and bullets, and under close fire covered the ground with their dead and wounded. The wave of heroes was shattered against that rampart of earth and blown to pieces by that whirlwind of death."

Not a great while after this I was detailed and placed in command of the provost guard of Hagood's Brigade. The guard was stationed between the trenches and the City of Petersburg at the Iron Bridge of the Norfolk Railroad, and was composed of details from different commands of the brigade. Corporal William Paulling and Private Henry Bailey of the Edisto Rifles were among those from the Twenty-fifth Regiment. Bailey was not an extra fine soldier, but was a very good cook; therefore I had him to do my cooking. He wanted to demur at this arrangement, but when I told him he would either do my cooking or I would send him back to

the trenches, it did not take him a great while to decide and ask me very politely for a match.

Near the bridge was a hill of considerable elevation, and having a little leisure one bright sunny morning, I walked up on top of this hill, for the purpose of getting a good view of the forts and lines of the enemy, which were distant some five or six hundred yards. While leisurely making my observations, and having no thought of danger, I saw a small bluish gray puff of smoke suddenly rise from the Union lines and a moment or two later a ball from the rifle of one of their sharpshooters struck the ground about ten feet from me. As I did not feel exactly in the humor of posing as a target for a Yankee behind a telescopic rifle, I did not tarry long enough for a second shot. Anyway, I felt satisfied I had stayed quite long enough to gain some very valuable information.

While on duty here on the morning of the 30th day of July a mine was sprung under a battery by the Yankees, occupied by four pieces of Pegram's Artillery and a portion of the Seventeenth Regiment of South Carolina infantry, Colonel McMaster. I distinctly heard the explosion, and saw evidences of the great upheaval from where I was with the guard. This place is now known as the "Crater," and is open to visitors at 25 cents admission each. General Grant greatly censured his subordinates for the great disaster that met them here. Two of his generals who should have been at the front with their commands were found in a bomb-proof in the rear, making a

deadly assault on a bottle of rum. (Ferrero and Ledlie. See War of Rebellion, Series 1, Vol. XL., page 119.)

About two months after the charge at Hare's Hill, the Weldon Railroad was captured by Grant's Army about four miles below Petersburg at the Yellow Tavern. Hagood's Brigade was withdrawn from the lines, and with other troops was sent there to attempt a recapture. On reaching the ground General Hagood was ordered by General Mahone, who seemed to have charge of the movement, to make the attack at once, representing to Hagood that the enemy were not entrenched, and that he would strike their flank. This proved to be a fatal error. Hagood not only struck them square in front, but massed and behind entrenchments. The enemy could easily see the movements of our troops, and had made their dispositions accordingly, rendering a successful assault by the Confederates practically impossible; knowing beforehand precisely at what point the attack would be made. Besides the heavy lines of battle in front, which proved to be Warren's Army Corps, they sent out flanking columns, and soon after the commencement of the advance of Hagood's Brigade it became almost surrounded, the enemy being in front and on both flanks.

Hagood went into the fight without support, and at this time his brigade had been reduced since reaching Virginia by killed, wounded and other causes from 2,300 men to 743, which was the number he took into the fight on this memorable Sunday, the



CORPORAL THEODORE KOHN
Edisto Rifles

Wounded Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16,
1864

21st day of August, 1864. Of these only *two hundred and seventy-three* came out. I have never met but *one* man of the brigade who said he was captured on that occasion; however, a few others may have been.

When we were forming preparatory to the charge, a cavalry man who had the body of General J. C. C. Sanders of Alabama across his horse in front of him, passed near where I was standing; he had been killed earlier in the day. I noticed as he was being carried by that he wore the insignia of a general, and asked who the officer was, and in this way learned his name. I do not know why this incident should so have impressed me, but I still remember very distinctly how his features appeared to me as he was borne from the field.

When the brigade in column of fours was moving into position for the advance the enemy opened upon us with artillery, and a file of four men was killed in the company just in front of the Edisto Rifles, and all of the troops in rear had to pass over these poor fellows, the column being at the double quick; all four were killed by one shell. The brigade soon changed direction by the left flank and passed through a swamp, the trees having been felled by the Yankees, forming, as it were, an abatis in front of their works. In passing through this, the line became very much broken, and when reaching a field on the side next to the enemy it became necessary to halt long enough to reform. Fortunately the troops were then in a depression, which somewhat protected them from the fire of the enemy. During

the time the brigade was halted, two of the Edisto Riflemen concluded it would be well to protect themselves by getting behind the trunk of a large tree, which was lying near them; this was a perfectly natural and permissible precaution, but unfortunately for them this log lay at such an angle to the fire of the enemy that their balls were coming from either side; and about the time they thought themselves safely ensconced the balls commenced to patter on the side they had chosen, when they promptly leaped to the other, and they kept changing from one to the other side till the line moved forward; both of them were wounded a few minutes later in the charge.

Under ordinary circumstances their gymnastics would have been amusing, but this was no time to indulge in hilarity, the harvest season of death was on; the scythe, as it were, was being held aloft on the crest of the hill in front, and the reaping was soon to begin.

After the line had been reformed, and about ready to advance, I noticed that the Yankees were forming on our left flank and I ran up to the line to the right to find General Hagood and report this to him. I soon met Captain Pat. Maloney, the A. A. G. of the brigade, and reported to him the movements of the enemy. He told me to hurry back to the left, find Captain Gordon, who was in command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, which was on the extreme left of the line, and tell him to deploy a company facing to the left to protect that flank. I

hastened back to find Captain Gordon and deliver this message, but before I could reach him the line commenced the forward movement, and I joined in the advance when I reached my company, knowing that it was futile to attempt any new disposition of troops at that time. With a deafening yell that could be heard above the thunder of cannon, and the roar of small arms, the line rushed forward "into the jaws of death." "Few, few shall part where many meet." I saw Lieutenant Kennerly and Sergeant Ben P. Izlar shot down, both of the Edisto Rifles. I ran to my brother, who seemed to have the fatality of being wounded in every battle in which he was engaged, and found he was severely wounded in the shoulder. He soon recovered from the shock and I raised him to his feet and told him to make the best time possible to the rear. We were then in a field of growing corn, about shoulder high, the rows running straight towards the enemy's line of battle. I advised him to take an oblique course across the field, knowing that if he kept to one row the risk of being killed would be much greater. He lost no time in following my advice, and made his retreat in safety, but not very leisurely.

I never saw Captain Maloney again, after leaving him to deliver his message to Captain Gordon. When I left him he was standing very erect with his arms folded across his breast, gazing steadily at the Federal troops massed in front. He was killed a few minutes later in the charge. I am sure I was one of the last to whom he spoke before meeting his death.

He was an efficient officer, an educated, refined gentleman, and an exceptionally fine soldier. Captain Henry Sellers was killed here also. He was another gallant young officer, whom the cause could ill afford to lose.

When the charging column had reached within about thirty paces of the enemy's line, it had been so fearfully cut to pieces that it appeared too weak to advance further with any hope of success and appeared to pause for a few moments. The enemy taking in the situation, one of the officers of General Cutler's staff, of the Yankee army, Captain Dailey, rode out from their line and seized the flag of the Eleventh Regiment and demanded the surrender of the brigade. General Hagood was on the left of the line at this time, but seeing the flag in the hands of this Federal officer, hastened to him and demanded its return. Dailey declined to give it up, and ventured to remonstrate with General Hagood as to the folly of further resistance, calling his attention to the fact that his brigade was then virtually surrounded, and completely covered by the guns of the Federal troops. This did not, however, convince General Hagood that it was yet time to surrender his brigade, and he again in a peremptory manner demanded his flag, and again the brave, nervy Yankee who held it refused. While this colloquy ensued Captain Dailey sat upon his horse holding the flag in his hand while General Hagood stood on the ground near him, with his left hand extended to receive the colors. The battle seemed to halt; firing

had practically ceased on both sides, and both armies stood in breathless expectancy awaiting the issue of this momentous parley between these two brave, determined men. Upon the refusal of Captain Dailey on the second demand of General Hagood for the return of the flag, he drew his pistol from his belt and shot the gallant Federal captain; and as he reeled from his horse on one side, Hagood seized the bridle and mounted from the other. Dwight Stoney, General Hagood's orderly, caught up the flag as it fell from Dailey's hand and brought it safely from the field.

As soon as General Hagood was firmly seated in the saddle, he waved his hat over his head and called to his men to follow him out; which all who could promptly proceeded to do, passing over scores of their comrades who had fallen in the advance, and barely escaping through the line of the enemy which was fast closing around them.

This daring exploit of General Hagood, enacted in the very presence of the troops of Warren's Federal Army Corps, seemed for the moment to paralyze them, and the Confederates had retreated a considerable distance before they were opened upon, from both flanks and rear. Many were killed in the retreat. General Hagood rode the Dailey horse about two hundred yards, when it was killed by a shell from one of the enemy's guns. For pure and unadulterated bravery and nerve, I do not believe this incident has been surpassed in any age; not even in the days "When Knighthood was in Flower."

General Hagood should have promptly received a major general's commission in recognition of his superb conduct on this occasion.

The Edisto Rifles lost in killed in this battle: Lieutenant Samuel N. Kennerly, Privates Jacob Culler, Geo. B. Crider, Wm. W. Taylor and Franz J. Freisse; wounded, Sergeant B. P. Izlar, Corporal Wm. Paulling, Privates Joseph Graves, James P. Bruce and J. D. Ott.

Lieutenant Kennerly was a practicing physician in Orangeburg at the opening of the war, and could have easily joined the medical corps, but he preferred the more active and dangerous position of being on the firing line. He was modest, but conscientious and brave.

The brigade lost 41 officers and 426 men out of 59 officers and 681 men taken into the fight.

Compared with the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan at Balaklava, on the 25th day of October, 1854, of which it is said, "As an exploit, it has never been equalled, even by those related in the wildest legends of chivalric romance," this charge of Hagood's Brigade does not suffer by the comparison, but is as grand and brilliant in every respect, as will be seen from the following estimate:

The Respective Losses of the Two Commands

The Light Brigade at Balaklava
andHagood's South Carolina Brigade, Weldon Railroad,
Virginia.

Light Brigade.	Men	Lost
4th Light Dragoons.....	118	79
8th Hussars.....	104	66
11th Hussars.....	110	85
13th Light Dragoons.....	130	66
7th Lancers.....	145	110
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Total.....	607	406

HAGOOD'S BRIGADE

59 officers and 681 men went into action.

18 officers and 274 men came out unhurt.

41 officers and 407 men were killed.

Of the staff, Capt. P. K. Molony, A. A. Genl., killed.

Of the staff, Lieut. Benj. Martin, aide to the general, wounded.

RECAPITULATION.

	Engaged	Loss		
Light Brigade.....	607	406	=	201
Hagood's Brigade....	740	449	=	291

The following is an account of the battle furnished the Hon. Geo. S. Bernard of Petersburg, Virginia, by General Hagood, August 19, 1896, many years ago, and published in the "Petersburg Index"

August 19, 1896. I suppose it was taken from his manuscript Memoirs:

"In a few minutes after crossing the branch swamp, the brigade was formed and the report coming at the same time from the skirmishers that the enemy was but a short distance ahead of them, and only in rifle pits, thus conforming General Mahone's statement, Hagood cautioning his men to move only at quick step till he himself gave the orders to charge, moved his brigade forward. He had dismounted, and placing himself in front of the centre, to steady the men and repress excitement, moved backward in front of the line as if on drill. Himself halting before reaching the crest of the hill, the line passed and he followed with his staff behind the right of the Twenty-first Regiment. The Twenty-fifth was on the left of the Twenty-first and the other three regiments on its right. As soon as the brigade became visible ascending the hill a rapid fire was opened upon it, to which in reply not a gun was fired; but moving forward with arms at right shoulder shift; as we approached the line of the enemy's pits they broke from them and fled. With one accord a battle yell rang out along our line, and the men as if by command broke into a double quick in pursuit. At the same moment General Hagood discovered that the line in front of us had only been an entrenched skirmish line, though so heavy as to have deceived his skirmishers into the notion that it was a line of battle, and that two hundred and fifty yards behind was a strongly entrenched line,



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crowded with men and artillery extending as far right and left as he could see, and the five Confederate brigades supporting, of which General Mahone spoke, being nowhere visible.

"It also appeared to him that he was moving up on a re-entering angle of the enemy's line. In this, however, he was particularly mistaken. An examination of the field after the war showed the enemy's line crossing the railroad from the east at this time, bent immediately southward and followed its course in a comparatively straight line, at some forty yards on the western side. Later in the siege their line extended further west. Then recrossing the railroad at a point below where we struck it, their line only bit out a piece, sufficient if they could hold and permanently entrench, to prevent its further use by us.

"Immediately to the right of where we struck their line, a small bastioned work for field artillery was thrust forward, and our line of advance was oblique to the enemy's general line and towards its junction with the flank of this work. Thus in fact we were going into a re-entering angle, made more by the vicious direction of our advance than by the actual construction of the enemy's works. The flank fire from the bastioned work we could not have avoided, but from our oblique attack we had also much less of a flank fire from the straight line, which was an infantry parapet full five feet, with an exterior ditch eight or ten feet wide and artillery at intervals.

"Perceiving at a glance the hopelessness of an assault under such circumstances, General Hagood,

stopping himself, shouted again and again to the command to halt, but the crash and rattle of twelve or fifteen pieces of artillery and probably twenty-five hundred rifles, which had now opened upon us at close range, drowned his voice, and the fury of battle was upon his men. Moving forward with the steady tramp of double quick, and dressing on the colors, these devoted men, intent only on carrying the position before them, neither broke their alignment, until it was broken by the irregular impact upon their works, nor stopped to fire their guns until their rush to obtain the parapet was repelled.

“When General Hagood saw his men rushing upon certain destruction, and his efforts to stop them unavailing, he felt that if they were to perish he would share their fate, and with Maloney and Martin and Orderly Stoney, who were all of his staff that were with him (Moffett and Mazýck were further back in discharge of their respective duties as inspector and ordnance officer), followed the advancing line. In fifty yards Lieutenant Martin fell, shot through the knee; a few steps further Captain Molony fell, shot through the head, and Hagood and Stoney only reached the works, the latter shot in the shoulder, but not disabled. The Twenty-fifth and Twenty-first regiments being on the left, from the oblique direction of advance first struck the works, and while they struggled to get in the other regiments swept on. When they reached the ditch there was from seventy-five to one hundred yards

interval between the two divisions into which the brigade had broken.

“General Hagood was with Major Wilds, commanding the Twenty-first, who was cheering his men to renewed assault (success now being the only hope of safety), when looking to the right he saw a Federal mounted officer among the men on the left of the portion of the brigade to the right with a regimental color in his hand. General Hagood called to his men to shoot him and fall back in retreat. It was a critical moment and demanded instant and decided action. Making his way across the intervening space as speedily as he could, exposed to a regular fire by file from the enemy’s line, scarcely thirty yards off, and calling to his men to fall back, which they did not do, General Hagood approached the officer and demanded the colors, and that he should go back within his own lines, telling him he was free to do so. He commenced to argue the hopelessness of further struggle and pointed out the line in our rear. Hagood cut him short and demanded a categorical reply, yes or no. Dailey was a man of fine appearance, and wore a long flowing beard. He sat with loosened rein upon a noble looking bay, that stood with head erect, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, quivering in every limb with excitement, but not moving in his tracks. In reply to this abrupt demand the rider raised his head proudly and decisively answered, No! Upon the word General Hagood shot him through the body, and as he reeled from his saddle on one side sprung in it from the

other, Orderly Stoney seizing the flag from his falling hands. There was no thought now of surrender; the yell from the brigade following the act ringing out above the noise of the battle, told their commander that they were once more in hand and would go wherever ordered, whether to the front or rear. Shouting to them to face about, Hagood led them at a run against the line in his rear, Stoney holding aloft the recaptured flag, which he had torn from its staff. This line melted before our charge, but the fire was terrific after breaking through it till the shelter of the valley of the branch was reached. Upon its margin a fragment from a schrapnel shell tore open the loins of the horse upon which Hagood rode, and struggling as he fell kicked Lieutenant Wm. Taylor of the Seventh upon the head, rendering him for the time so confused that he had to be led from the field by one of his men.

"A week afterwards, in a conversation in General Lee's presence, General A. P. Hill stated to Hagood that on the morning of the 21st he was misinformed by his scouts as to the position and condition of the enemy's works, believing that the point upon which Hagood was sent was the left of their line. He also added that the haziness of the morning prevented his ascertaining his error till Hagood's attack developed it. General Mahone, in the same conversation, said to Hagood that he shared in the misapprehension, but insisted that if the other five brigades had attacked with the vigor that Hagood's did we would have won. The frankness with which these two dis-

tinguished officers took the blame of the blunder upon themselves greatly relieved General Hagood.

“Both Generals Lee and Beauregard on the field, and the latter next day, sent Hagood word through General Hoke, that had it been in his power he would have promoted him before leaving the field. He also through his adjutant called for a written report of the incident of the flag. This was briefly worded.

“General Beauregard forwarded this report to President Davis with the following endorsement:

“‘Near Petersburg, Virginia,
“‘Aug. 23rd, 1864.

“‘Respectfully forwarded through General R. E. Lee to his Excellency President Jefferson Davis for his information. Such an act of gallantry, as herein described, and of devotion to one’s flag, reflects the highest credit on the officer who performed it, and should be held up to the army as worthy of imitation under similar circumstances. Brigadier General Hagood is a brave and meritorious officer, who has distinguished himself already at Battery Wagner and Drewry’s Bluff and participated in the battles of Ware Bottom Church, Cold Harbor and Petersburg on 16th and 17th of June last.

“I respectfully recommend him for promotion at the earliest opportunity. Attention is respectfully called also to General Hagood’s recommendation of his orderly, J. D. Stoney, for a commission. I feel assured he is well deserving of it.

“‘G. T. BEAUREGARD,
“‘General.’”

Major General G. K. Warren of the Federal Army says in his report of this fight:

"Hagood's Brigade struck a part of our line where the troops were in eschelon and they found themselves almost surrounded, and every one thinking they had surrendered ceased firing. We buried 211 of the enemy's dead." * * *

Colonel Hoffman, commanding a brigade of Federals, says:

"The line of battle emerged from the woods about 400 yards in our front and moved steadily forward through a field of corn to within thirty feet of our works when they broke. They suffered very severely in killed and wounded from our fire." * * *

Captain Jas. A. Hughey, commanding the Third Delaware Regiment, says:

"Shortly after the regiment on our left commenced firing we observed a brigade debouching by the left flank some thirty yards from the line of our regiment. We occupied the left, our line refused, forming an angle of 45 degrees with the rest of the brigade. As the enemy's right passed our left, we opened fire, fairly mowing them down, and the whole brigade of rebels, with the exception of perhaps 75 men, were killed or captured." * * *

There were no prisoners captured except the wounded, says General Hagood in his report.

Several years after the close of the war, when General Hagood was governor of South Carolina, Captain Dailey wrote him and stated that he was then making application to the United States govern-

ment for a pension on account of the effects of the wound received on the 21st day of August, 1864, from General Hagood's pistol shot, and asked him if he would sign his petition. This General Hagood readily and gladly consented to do, and also endorsed on his application: "As brave and gallant man as he (Dailey) deserved all the reward and consideration he could get from his country." He also expressed his gratification at hearing from him, and his pleasure at knowing that his shot did not prove fatal, and that he was still living. General Hagood invited him to come down to South Carolina and pay him a visit. This invitation Dailey could not accept, on account of his physical condition.

In correspondence I have recently had with General Edward Bragg* of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, who commanded a brigade (known as the Iron Brigade) in the Federal army on the 21st of August, and knew Dailey intimately, he describes him as being very brave, but nervous, impulsive and entirely lacking in judgment and discretion. This seems to be a very correct diagnosis of his character, judging from his performance on this day. When I think of this noble, magnanimous act of General Hagood, extended to his former enemy, I conclude that the war is surely over, and I try to harmonize a little myself and think I am making fair progress till I read of some ignorant fanatic protesting against placing General Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame;

*Author of the expression, "We love him for the enemies he has made," in speaking of Grover Cleveland.

then I lose all patience and have it all to do over again.

While in the charge I picked up a very handsome sword, which I suppose was lost by the commander of the Yankee pickets when driven in by our advance. I carried it through the fight and brought it out with me. When the remnant of the brigade was being reorganized at the Flower's house immediately after retiring from the field of battle, General Hagood, mingling among the men, came up and spoke to me. Showing him the sword, I told him that it was a trophy I had brought from the battle-field. He took it in his hand and after critically looking at it, remarked, "It is indeed a magnificent weapon; I would rather have it than a thousand picked up on a field where any coward could have gone on and gathered," and on handing it back to me he said, "Keep it, for it shows you have won it." He seemed to be deeply affected by the slaughter of his men, and his eyes welled up with tears as he moved about among this pitiful remnant of his once magnificent brigade. I greatly appreciated this compliment, coming as it did from General Hagood, and suppose, under the circumstances, I can be excused for feeling a little proud of myself. General Hagood was a dignified man, of rather retiring disposition; and while he did not wear his heart on his coat sleeve those who knew him best admired him most. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but always just. He was quiet and unpretentious in camp life, but in battle he was



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dashing and superbly brave. My admiration for him was unbounded.

The following extract is taken from a book entitled "Michigan in the Civil War," authorized by an act of the legislature of that State, and published by Adjutant General Robertson:

"The desperation with which the rebels have contended for the railroad shows its great importance to them. The hardest fighting in our immediate front occurred on Sunday, August the 21st. On that day the enemy thought to turn our extreme left, and in strong force charged with wild and prolonged yells. Their line extended some distance beyond the left of the Fourth division of our corps. Our division, the First, occupied a line of works about eighty rods in the rear, and extending one-half mile to the left of the Fifth. This disposition of our forces the rebels did not discern till too late, and they were completely surprised. With the help of the artillery we inflicted severe punishment on them. Hagood's Brigade, of Hill's Corps, consisting of South Carolinians, was completely cut to pieces."

Lieutenant Ben Martin, aide de camp to General Hagood, says in a letter to the writer:

"General Hagood sent me to General Mahone to notify him that the troops were falling back in his front and wished to know what he must do. I found General Mahone and delivered to him the message. General Mahone replied, 'Tell General Hagood to come to me.' I delivered General Mahone's message, and returned with General Hagood; and he notified

General Mahone of the situation in his front, and the probability of the enemy being in heavy force and entrenched. General Mahone in a clear and distinct voice said: 'My scouts inform me that the enemy are not entrenched. Charge them and capture them!' I witnessed the conversation between Generals Hagood and Mahone, and heard the above order given by General Mahone."

General Mahone was a brave soldier and a hard fighter, and usually a successful one, but he slipped up painfully on this occasion. He was entirely ignorant of the fact that the Fifth Federal Army Corps, commanded by General G. K. Warren, was massed behind entrenchments in his immediate front. He did not know that Hagood would strike the enemy squarely in front and not the flank of the Yankee forces. This, together with ordering a small brigade to attack a greatly superior force well entrenched, was an inexcusable blunder and almost criminal.

It is quite a mistaken idea that the Yankees were poor soldiers and easily whipped. Any Confederate soldier who met them often in battle will testify that they were hard and tenacious fighters, especially those from the Great North West. The Confederates could claim very little credit for holding at bay such a mighty host armed with the most improved weapons and devices of warfare for four long, dreary years, and defeating them so often and disastrously, with odds often greatly against them, had the Northern army been merely a disorganized mob and

rabble. Yes, the Northern army was a fine one, well equipped and well officered, with all the resources at hand that could be desired for great and aggressive warfare; but it had to meet an army of Southern troops composed of the grandest soldiers that ever marched to martial music, or fought in defense of country!

Just to think, that the Southern army of six hundred thousand men, poorly armed and equipped, ridiculously clad and meagerly fed, without tents, without medicine, without pay, checkmating, baffling, repulsing and often humiliatingly and disastrously defeating the Northern army of 2,778,304* men† armed with the most improved engines of warfare, well paid, well fed, abundantly clothed; backed by all the resources of a great nation, for four long, dreary years, staggers the credulity of man to contemplate. As a historic fact, for some time before Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated there was scarcely more than a skirmish line in the works around these cities, under the Confederate commander, to oppose the Army of the Potomac under Grant, of about one hundred and fifty thousand men.

In a letter to General Early shortly after the close of the war, General Robert E. Lee wrote: "It will

*Of this mighty army, let it be the everlasting pride of South Carolina, she did not contribute a single soldier.

†Some historians place the number of men in the Northern Army as high as 2,865,028, which may be nearer the correct figures. The States of Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee and the remainder of the Southern States furnished the Yankees with over 300,000 soldiers, which was half as many as the South ever placed in the field during the war.—W. C. Chase, *Story of Stonewall Jackson*.

be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought." From the number drawing pensions from the United States government today, fifty years since the close of hostilities, there might have been a million more soldiers in the Union Army than given in the figures named above.

While in conversation with a Union soldier who had served in the Northern army and now a resident of Virginia, I asked him what he thought would have been the result, if the case had been reversed, i. e., if Lee had been besieging Richmond and Petersburg with an army equal to the one Grant had under him, and Grant defending these cities with no greater force than that which Lee had for that purpose. He replied without a moment's hesitation: "General Lee would have captured both places in less than a month." The North had the numbers and resources, the South had the incentive to make men fight and the generals to command. There is no nation on earth that has ever produced four contemporaneous generals who could compare with that beau ideal Nathan Bedford Forest, the invincible Stonewall Jackson, the superb Joseph E. Johnston, or the world's greatest captain, Robert Edward Lee.

On the Northern side Grant possessed great ability as a commander, but McClellan was by far his superior. Sherman could not be mentioned in comparison with either of them. Most any other general in the Union army could have made his march to the sea after General Joe Johnson was relieved from the command of the Confederate forces. McClellan's

retreat during the seven days fight was masterly. He exhibited wonderful ability under very trying circumstances, which stamped him as a great general.

In the engagement on the Weldon Railroad on August the 21st, Captain Gordon, who was in command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, was killed. What remained of the Edisto Rifles and the remnant of two other companies were consolidated and placed under my command, one of the companies being Company "B", Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston.

The brigade returned to the trenches around Petersburg, but not at the same position it had been before, and remained there only a short while when it was sent to Dunlop's farm, a beautiful private home on the banks of Swift Creek, near Petersburg, to recuperate and recruit.

This place was owned by a wealthy Englishman, who had adorned and beautified this naturally lovely spot in the most lavish manner. He had erected an elegant mansion on an eminence which commanded a fine view of this picturesque creek and the surrounding plains. Here were grassy slopes and sunny hill-sides, deep ravines spanned by artistic bridges of cedar, cool shady retreats, where had been erected rustic summer houses, which invited rest and repose; winding paths along the wooded banks of the rippling stream, every turn disclosing new attractions; springs of cool, crystal water bursting into fountains; it was indeed an ideal place, and seemed like

fairyland or paradise to a weary, weather-beaten soldier. *Revenons a nos moutons.*

We enjoyed this rest but a short time, however, when the brigade was ordered to Fort Harrison, below Richmond, to reinforce the troops occupying the lines there and assist in repelling a threatened attack by the Yankees at that point. We crossed the James River on pontoon bridges near Drewry's Bluff and after participating in the assault of Fort Harrison the brigade manned the trenches on the Enroughty (pronounced Darby) Town Road. On the 7th day of October a heavy reconnaissance was made in front of our position, and during the skirmish with the enemy, Privates Jefferson Stokes and John M. O'Cain of the Edisto Rifles were wounded, the former quite seriously in the shoulder, from the bursting of a shell from a Yankee battery. I had again been detailed for provost duty, and was in command of the guard at this time. Several prisoners were captured in the advance and turned over to me.

When the Confederate troops were withdrawn from between the guard and the enemy (which was done by the right flank), I was not notified of the movement and consequently was ignorant of what had been done. The first intimation and warning of danger was given me by a cavalryman, who as he hurriedly rode by called out that the enemy were fast advancing and we would be captured if we delayed a moment longer in getting away. Among the prisoners in my charge was a sergeant of cavalry, who

was somewhat a dandy in appearance and his manner was quite hifalutin and resentful. He, of course, heard what was said to me about the approaching enemy, and acting on this information was disposed to be very laggard in his movements, and refused to move on in as much haste as the exigency of the case required. After remonstrance and threats failed to make him accelerate his gait, and still persisting in his sullen and mulish demeanor, I became irritated and he and I held a private seance in the middle of the road, where I performed a few stunts for his benefit on the *vis a tergo* line; after which the most nimble-footed sprinter on the guard could barely keep pace with him. (I think a No. 6 iron-clad army shoe would weigh about one pound and a quarter.)

Our picket line one day while the brigade was on the Darbytown lines was attacked and driven in by the Yankees. The pickets on front of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were commanded by a lieutenant. General Hagood had a new detail made at once, with Sergeant Ira T. Shoemaker of the Edisto Rifles in command, who promptly drove the Yankees back, reestablished the line and held it till next morning when regularly relieved. Sergeant Shoemaker was a New Yorker, from Herkimer county. He came down South several years before the war and was teaching in Orangeburg when the State seceded, and did not hesitate as to what he should do, but promptly aligned himself with those who fought under the Starry Cross, and unswervingly held on to the bitter end. Like Jim Bludsoe:

“He seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then.”

He fulfilled all the requirements of a model Confederate soldier. After the close of the war he represented Orangeburg County in the legislature several years before his death.

While here I was sent to Petersburg with a detail for three members of Hoke's Division who had been tried by a court-martial and condemned to death. On my guard detail was a young North Carolinian by the name of Hobbs. We reached Petersburg late in the afternoon, and I decided to camp on Bolling's Hill, near the city, for the night and get my prisoners early next morning. We built a good fire near a spring of water, ate our hard tack and lay down for our night's rest. It was very cold and snowing fast. Hobbs took off his shoes and placed them under his head as a pillow. When he awoke next morning some one had stolen his shoes. When he made the discovery his language was more forcible than elegant. In fact, he got so hot that he was not aware that the snow was six inches deep and he was shoeless. I made no effort to stop him, thinking it was warranted by the circumstances and provocation. When we reached Richmond on our return trip I succeeded in getting him another pair, after he had



DAVID DANTZLER
Edisto Rifles

Captured Weldon Railroad, Aug. 21,
1864. Died Elmira, N. Y., April 1, 1865

trudged all day through the snow, which was a pretty severe ordeal, though he was a "Tar Heel."*

The prisoners were brought back in safety and taken in charge by the provost guard. A few days later they were executed in the presence of the brigade, which was temporarily withdrawn from the trenches and formed in line to witness the spectacle. Two of them were shot. One, whose name was Fulcher, a North Carolinian, was hanged. This man deserted from the Confederate Army and joined the Yankees. He was afterwards captured, wearing the blue uniform and non-commissioned officer's chevrons. An army would soon degenerate into a mere rabble without discipline, and it requires these fearful object lessons as examples to those who might be inclined to lightly regard military authority and law.

An election was held while occupying the lines below Richmond to fill the office of third lieutenant of the Edisto Rifles, which had been vacant since Lieutenant Elliott was killed at Drewry's Bluff. As result of this election Private Joseph Graves became third lieutenant of the company. Graves was a Citadel man, and made a good officer. He had the best memory of any man I ever knew. His greatest fault

*I was very much reminded of the incident (as I remember it) when Simon Suggs was caught by his father playing seven up, in a fence corner with a negro, fifty cents being the stake, which the negro won, about the time the elder Suggs appeared on the scene, who in turn proceeded to give both the players a severe thrashing. Simon afterwards said he did not mind the loss of the money, as it was worth all of fifty cents to see the negro get his licking. I likewise thought Hobb's peroration worth my best efforts to get him another pair of shoes.

was being too intimate with, and too easily led astray, by the seductive John Barleycorn. Lieutenant Samuel Dibble, who had been in a Northern prison since his capture at Secessionville, having been exchanged, rejoined the company here. He was again captured a few weeks later at Town Creek, below Wilmington, North Carolina.*

The Twenty-fifth Regiment was now commanded by Captain James M. Carson, of Charleston; he was the senior captain of the regiment, a brave but impetuous officer.

In December, 1864, Fort Fisher and Wilmington, North Carolina, being threatened by the Northern fleet under Admiral Porter, and a land force under General Terry, Hagood's Brigade, with the other brigades which composed Hoke's division, were withdrawn from the lines in front of Richmond, and hurried by rail to that point. I was given a suitable detail of men and sent with the wagon trains to guard and protect them in case they were attacked while making the overland trip from Richmond to Wilmington. The first day we crossed the James River on pontoon bridges near Drewry's Bluff, 23d day of December. It was the coldest day I ever felt in my life. We camped that night at Swift Creek, about three miles from Petersburg, making about twenty miles that day. Another detachment from some other command was camp-

*When Lieutenant Dibble was exchanged he spent a short time at his home in Orangeburg before reporting to the command in Virginia for duty. While at home he was married.

ing here also. The officer in charge came over and invited me to take supper with him, which I gladly did. (In fact such invitations were very, very rarely declined by a soldier in 1864.) Before parting company for the night we reviewed all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, and interviewed his canteen repeatedly. You remember I said it was a fearfully cold day. I do not recollect how long it took us to make this overland trip with the wagon trains; but when we reached Wilmington, the attack on Fort Fisher had commenced, and the bombardment by the Federal fleet could be distinctly heard in the city. The Twenty-fifth Regiment, with the Edisto Rifles, Captain James F. Izlar in command, was there in the fort. The Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth Regiments of Hagood's Brigade disembarked from a boat which took them down the Cape Fear River from Gander Hall Landing, and marched across the sand hills, entering the fort and reinforced the garrison on the 14th day of January, 1865. While making this march from the place of landing to the fort there were five hundred and eighty-three guns from the Yankee fleet playing on the fort and the reinforcing column. Though there were several thousand other Confederate troops on boats lying in the river, these two regiments were the only reinforcement that succeeded in entering the fort. These two regiments, the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth of Hagood's Brigade, manned the sea face of the fort, and repulsed 2,000 sailors and marines who assaulted on that most exposed side. This

attacking force was driven back after making a gallant charge, approaching near the fort. In both their advance and retreat they suffered severely; their blue uniforms, with the white beach as a background, showed hundreds of them to have been slain by the guns of the garrison. The Federal General Terry was in command of a large land force which co-operated with the fleet in the attack and capture of the fort, and contributed greatly to the success of the enterprise. All of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, with the Edisto Rifles, not killed in the bombardment and assault, were captured when the fort fell, and sent to Northern prisons, the most of them to Elmira, New York.

Captain Izlar's blanket, which he had slung around his shoulder, soldier fashion, after the fight contained twenty-seven bullet holes.

The following members of the Edisto Rifles were captured when Fort Fisher fell:

Captain James F. Izlar, Lieutenant Joseph Graves, Sergeant Ben Pou Izlar, Sergeant Ira T. Shoemaker, Privates M. Furman Antley, Henry L. Bailey, Charles Bailey, David T. Bozard, Wm. E. Crawford, David W. Dantzler, Joseph A. Holstein, Samuel P. Hook, Adolphus M. Izlar, Laban A. Irick, Andrew J. Inabinet, Charles G. Inabinet, Luther Myers, Fred C. Myers, David F. Murphy, Emanuel Murphy, J. D. Ott, Elmore Ott, William C. Rives, J. Lawton Scott, Ben H. Sanders, Jesse Sanford, Obediah J. Syphrett.

Killed, Private Peter Wolf.

Sergeant Shoemaker's home was in Elmira, where the prison was located, before he came South, and his parents and other members of his family were living there when he was a prisoner. They endeavored in every way to induce him to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, but this he positively refused to do, preferring to stand true to his convictions and "live and die in Dixie."

The defense of Fort Fisher was in no sense a parallel to that of Fort Sumter or Wagner. Fort Sumter never fell into the hands of the Union troops till after the 17th day of February, 1865, when the last Southern soldier had leisurely left it. So long as a Confederate sentinel stood guard over the battered and crumbling ruins a Yankee soldier was never able to enter the sallyport. It required many months of strenuous labor, engineering skill and sacrifice of life before Wagner fell into the hands of the Northern forces, and a more heroic and desperate defense is not on record. Why Fort Fisher, equally as strong, should have been so easily and quickly captured is somewhat inexplicable, even to the present day.

General Whiting, the Commander of Fort Fisher, was severely wounded during the bombardment and captured with the garrison, taken to Fort Columbus, New York, and died there. When he was wounded Colonel Lamb succeeded him. He was also wounded, and Major Reilley, being the ranking officer in the fort, assumed command. From the following excerpt taken from General Whiting's report it ap-

pears that all three of these officers left the fort before it fell.

General Whiting says:

"At 9 p. m. the gallant Major Reilley, who had fought the fort after the fall of his superiors, reported the enemy in possession of the sallyport. The brave Captain Benthuisen, of the Marines, though himself badly wounded, with a squad of his men picked up the General and Colonel and endeavored to make their way to Battery Buchanan, followed by Major Reilley, with the remnant of the force."

If General Whiting meant by the "remnant of the force" to convey the idea that all the troops in the fort went out with Major Reilley he makes a most startling error. A part of Hagood's Brigade was certainly in the fort when it was entered through the unguarded sallyport by the enemy; and these Confederate troops were still firing from the parapet, and defending the sea face heroically, when the fort was entered from the land side by General Terry's co-operating forces. The time referred to in General Whiting's report was 9 o'clock Sunday night, the third and last day of the siege.

The handling of the co-operating Confederate force, under General Bragg, was even worse than was the defense made by the commanders of the fort, and can only be described as hesitating and amateurish, totally lacking in anything like general-

ship. If this force had been properly utilized, the history of the fall of Fort Fisher would have been more creditable to the Confederacy, and the fort would never have fallen in three days, as was the humiliating case.

Admiral Porter, who commanded the Federal fleet, in sending 2,000 sailors and marines, armed with pistols and cutlasses, to assault the fort was equally as ridiculous as the generalship displayed by General Bragg, and only equaled in simplicity and foolishness by the idea conceived by Beast Butler, who, on a previous occasion, December 24th, 1864, made the silly attempt to demolish Fort Fisher and annihilate the defenders by exploding the boat Louisiana, on which had been loaded 235 tons of powder, and which he had anchored about a mile from the fort, out in the Atlantic Ocean. He reasoned by the concussion from this explosion the fort would be razed to the ground and the garrison raised to the skies. We must admit, however, this was a very brilliant idea when we think of the explosion.

And so it was, that the Brogdingnagian scheme (as he thought) evolved from the brain of this Lilliputian general (in success) proved a dead failure, and added one more to the long list already charged against him. Notwithstanding the poor generalship displayed by both Confederates and Federals, the enemy managed to stumble into an undefended sallyport, and by chance more than by valor thus captured the place. It could not be said

that Fort Fisher was impregnable under all circumstances; but its capture was impossible by the navy alone, and General Bragg had quite a sufficient force to have blocked the co-operating land force under General Terry, and by doing this would have prevented this great disaster.

General Bragg made a fine record in Mexico as Captain of Artillery, especially at Buena Vista, but it seems as though he entered a class several grades in advance of his ability when he was made a General in the Confederate Army.

Admiral Porter, in his report of the attack and bombardment of the fort by the fleet under his command, descends to the plane of common braggart, and plays the role of a swashbuckler. He also accuses General Butler of prevarication, to put it mildly, and Butler, in turn, makes the same accusation against the Admiral. Between the two I am rather inclined in favor of the Admiral. All that constituted B. F. Butler a general was his commission from the United States government; as for ability he had absolutely none, and his conduct at Fort Fisher, ordering all his troops back on his transports that had been landed, without making any demonstration against the fort or even landing himself, and then hastily setting sail for Fortress Monroe, flavors of cowardice. In fact his flight was so precipitate that he left several hundred of his men behind who had to be rescued by small boats from the fleet.—“Official Records of Union and Confederate Navies, Series I, Vol. II.”



LEWIS W. JENKINS
Edisto Rifles

Killed Walthall Junction, Va., May 7,
1864

This was the only fight or skirmish during the four years of the war in which the Twenty-fifth regiment or Edisto Rifles were engaged, in which I was not present to take part. Three of my brothers, all members of the Edisto Rifles, were captured when the fort was taken. From them I received much valuable information bearing on the attack and defense. This, with the reports of the Confederate and Federal officers engaged in the attack and defense, furnishes abundant material for criticism and comment, by anyone not actually present.

After capturing Fort Fisher the Federals at once commenced making preparations to march on Wilmington, North Carolina, and the remainder of Haggard's Brigade was ordered to Fort Anderson, located on the Cape Fear River below Wilmington, to meet them. Colonel Charles H. Simonton, who had been on detached service as commandant of Fort Caswell, North Carolina, for some time, now returned and assumed command of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. I left the provost guard under Lieutenant Slade, of Colquitt's Brigade, and reported for duty to the regiment. Lieutenant Samuel Dibble was now in command of the Edisto Rifles, at least what was left of the company.

The Confederate force being too weak to give battle to the large army in front of them, fell back from Fort Anderson to Town Creek, and the morning after, February the 20th, the Twenty-fifth Regiment, supported by a section of artillery and a few other troops, were left as a rear guard while the main force fell back towards Wilimington. I was

entirely ignorant of these movements till developments later in the day revealed this fact to me. Early in the morning I was sent out with a detail of about thirty men to re-establish a picket line which had been driven in by the enemy (at least that was the information given me and my instructions were). When we reached the designated place, another detail which had arrived there by a different route, and of whose presence we were entirely ignorant, fired a volley into us at close range, mistaking us for Yankees. Miraculously no one was killed. I recognized the officer in command and called to him to cease firing, which was promptly done. All of my men except Marion Bronson, of the Edisto Rifles, and a few others whom I have forgotten, retreated in haste, thinking they were in the midst of the enemy. They supposed that I and those who had remained with me had been killed by the volley, which was quite a natural conclusion. After posting those who were with me, I went back to bring the main force again to the front. They had deployed in line about two hundred yards in rear, posting one man in the road. I knew the great danger, under the circumstances, of being shot by our own men, but there was no alternative. I had to take the chances and get them back. I approached them very carefully, taking every precaution possible, halting frequently to listen, but I was obliged to pass through thick undergrowth, and when I stepped into the road the man posted there quickly raised his rifle and fired at me. We were not more than forty

paces apart, but in his nervous state the ball from his gun struck the ground about half way between us and ricochetted over my head. He was terribly agitated when he discovered at whom he had shot. Running up to me he seized my hand, and with tears in his eyes hysterically laughed for joy at my escape. I felt really sorry for him, but congratulated myself. The men were soon assembled, taken back, and a regular skirmish line established. Everything being quiet I walked out in front of the line, perhaps one hundred yards, in order to learn as much as possible of the movements and position of the Yankees so that I might keep the troops in rear posted. I could plainly see a number of transports in the Cape Fear River, and a large number of troops disembarking on the bank nearest to where we were. I stood there watching them for some time, thinking I was in no special danger, believing myself fairly well concealed, when the smoke, crack of a rifle and striking of minnie ball very near me caused me to think it advisable, like poor Jo, to "move on, and not know nothink."*

The enemy soon formed line of battle and with skirmishers thrown out well in front, commenced the advance movement towards our position. A courier was sent back to the commanding officer in rear (Colonel Simonton, as I was informed by the courier on his return), and gave him all the information I had learned as to the movements of the enemy in front. Colonel Simonton's instructions, given me

*This was the second time that day that I know I was shot at individually.

through the courier, was to fall back slowly as the enemy advanced, keeping him posted, and make the best resistance possible with the force I had with me till reaching the main line. We skirmished all day, till near sunset, when the enemy charged the very small force under Colonel Simonton, which was drawn up in line of battle, and supported by a section of artillery under Lieutenant Rankin, of North Carolina. I was then on the skirmish line, about two hundred yards to the right of our line of battle. The firing ceased so suddenly that I concluded at once that the Confederates had all been captured, which became evident to me after we approached near enough to see the Confederates and Yankees mingling together. Having satisfied myself that the day was lost, by seeing the officers of the Twenty-fifth Regiment quietly talking with the Yankees, I halted, and said to those who were with me, that I did not propose to surrender without making an effort to escape, and all those who would follow me I would take back to the turnpike where we had left the brigade in the morning, supposing I would still find it there. Several of the men decided to take their chances with me, among whom was Corporal J. C. Bozard, of the Edisto Rifles, and Eb Shuler, of Sellers' company. After working our way through a dense swamp, sometimes waist deep in slush and water, we reached the hill on the opposite side in safety, and exactly at the desired point, but judge of our consternation when we stepped into the turnpike to find ourselves in the

midst of a brigade of Yankees, instead of Confederates. One of them in a very jollifying manner called out: "Hello, Johnnie, how deep have you been in!" I tried to hide my mortification and disgust and replied: "Just so deep," at the same time indicating with my hand the height around my waist reached by the water. I felt terribly chagrined at this *denouement* to my plans, but quiet submission was the only alternative.

All of the prisoners were disarmed and formed in line. I fell in with them, still wearing my sword. No one had asked me for it, and I certainly did not propose to voluntarily hand it over to them. When the command to march was given I kept in line with the others. After marching some distance we came to a place where there was a considerable embankment on either side of the road. Here I drew the sword from the scabbard and thrust it into the embankment nearly up to the hilt and broke it in two; then unhooked the scabbard from the belt, bent it double across my knee and dropped it in the road. The guard did not appear to see me when doing this. Of course I tried to avoid their vigilance.

I have concluded since that the Yankees mistook me for one of their men. The manner in which I was dressed could easily have deceived them. My cap was covered with silk oil cloth. I wore a military cloak which covered my coat, and my trousers were blue. If it had dawned upon me at this time that they were deceived by my dress I am quite sure I could have again made my escape and rejoined

the command which had fallen back under General Hagood, and was then at, or very near, Wilmington. The remnant of the Twenty-fifth Regiment and few remaining of the Edisto Rifles went through the North Carolina campaign, taking part in the battles of Bentonville and Kinston. At the surrender of Johnston's army at Greensboro the Edisto Rifles had four representatives, viz: Corporal Jude Robinson, Privates John S. C. Tatum, William C. Meredith and Jefferson Stokes.

These few men answered the last roll call of this gallant company which never failed to do its whole duty on all occasions and under all circumstances—

From first to last they played the game;
When liberty was the golden stake,
They lost in all, save only fame,
But no apologies do they make.

After the guard had taken us back some distance, we passed by a pile of swords lying by the roadside, which I readily recognized as those of the officers of the Twenty-fifth Regiment; not a great distance farther we came to where the Federal General Cox had bivouacked his army for the night. Here we found all the Confederate troops that had been captured that afternoon under guard. We were put in the ring with them, and spent the night here. General Cox seemed to be a gentleman as well as a soldier, and did all he could to modify the soreness caused by the recent disaster to the Southern Cause.

The following members of the Edisto Rifles were captured here February 10th, 1865, which is known as the fight at Town Creek:

Lieutenant S. Dibble, Sergeant Wm. V. Izlar, Sergeant L. H. Culler, Corporal J. C. Bozard, Privates Marion D. Bronson, David Brown, James H. Arant, Laurie T. Izlar, Elliott D. Irick, Murray Robinson.

All the prisoners were marched down to Fort Fisher next morning, February 11th, and embarked on the Yankee steamer transport Tonawanda, and taken to Point Lookout prison, located at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. During the passage we encountered a severe storm off Cape Hatteras. The sick lay in heaps all over the boat, promiscuous like, as John Hay puts it, which I think is a fine description of this particular instance. They appeared perfectly contented, regardless of surroundings or consequences. If you happened to step in the face of one of them in passing along (you could scarcely avoid it) he made no demur or sign of resentment. His time was too much taken up in the terrible throes of *mal de mer* to pay any attention to trifles. I proved to be one of the exempt or immune, and could, therefore, look on, but can't say I enjoyed the entertainment.

On reaching Point Lookout we were all searched and anything of any value or contraband taken from us, and then marched into the stockade. I and my brother, Laurie, were assigned to a tent built of material obtained from cracker boxes. This tent was one of the best, if not the best, in the prison. In

it was a good stove, a good supply of army blankets and fairly comfortable bunks. These things had been left there by prisoners who had previously occupied this tent, who had been exchanged or paroled. The tent had been built by our predecessors also. Nothing of the kind was furnished by the United States government.

Marion Bronson was in this tent with us also. The other occupants were Virginians, and a fine set of gentlemen they were. We managed to keep fairly comfortable, but hunger was always with us. I never slept without dreaming of being at a feast, and woke up hungry enough to eat a rubber boot, stuffed with brass buttons and snuff, or lick a hole in the bottom of a frying pan. This lasted for about two months, when two things happened which greatly improved the situation. I was appointed by the commandant of the prison camp to report the number of sick in my division every morning, and also to make requisition for bread for those who were well. I won't say how I did it, but the boys in my tent did not suffer for bread after that. I also managed to get Marion Bronson a position in one of the cook houses, and he kept me well supplied with the thick part of the bean soup. I attended no more banquets in my dreams.

Of course, I had to be very clever in manipulating the wires. If my *modus operandi* had been discovered I might have been decorated with an ankle ornament, with a chain and ball attachment. I never was ambitious in that direction.

We were allowed to read the newspapers and buy from the sutler, if you had any money. I never bought anything! While reading a paper one day I saw where a man living in New York City was spoken of as being a strong Southern sympathizer, and I at once made up my mind to write to him and see how sorry he was for me. All letters of this kind had to be written on blanks furnished by the Provost Marshal. I procured one of these blanks, filled it out, asking the gentleman in New York to send me such articles of clothing and other gentleman's belongings as I then required to replenish my depleted wardrobe. I then went out under guard to the office of General Brady, the Provost Marshal, and took my letter to him to be approved and forwarded to New York.

After reading it through, and surveying me from head to feet, he asked me what relation this man was to me. I replied none whatever. He then very deliberately tore my letter into pieces, and threw it on the floor of his office, remarking at the same time: "Letters of this nature could be written to near relatives, and furthermore, you are one of the best dressed prisoners in the camp, and do not need these things."

All letters written by the prisoners had to be submitted to the Provost Marshal, who exercised a strict censorship over all correspondence. Considering my business with this officer ended for the time being, I gave him a perfunctory military salute and walked out of office. I was considerably disappointed at the result of my interview, but I had gained some val-

able information which I would not forget, and I determined as I slowly walked back that I would beat that Yankee in the game "If it took all the summer."

After waiting about two weeks, thinking he would forget me in that length of time, I procured another blank letter form through a Yankee sergeant, who seemed to have taken quite a fancy to me, and who was by far above the average Northern soldier in education, culture and gentlemanly qualities. This blank I filled out addressed to "My Dear Uncle." General Brady said I must have a relative, so I decided on an uncle in New York.

I then donned the most dilapidated suit I could find among my tentmates; the fit was not considered, a crownless hat and no shoes completed my dress for the occasion. I was positively ashamed of my appearance, but the game was interesting to me, and I had the determination to win. The situation, however, had a humorous phase, and all the while I was in the presence of General Brady it was difficult for me to keep from laughing at my ridiculous appearance. Having completed my preparations, I walked down to the prison gate, and after stating my business, was passed out, under guard, to the Provost Marshal's office. I again presented my letter to him, which he read as on the previous occasion, asked me no questions, made no comments, handed it to his secretary and waved me out. I returned to camp to await developments.

Near the gate was a large bulletin board, placed there by the commandant of the camp, so that when anything came for any of the prisoners his name was placed thereon, and instructions as to what he was to do. In about ten days one of my tentmates informed me that my name was on the bulletin board, with instructions to call at the express office for a package. When I reported at the office the agent put me through the following catechism: What is your name? Have you written to anyone for anything? To whom did you write, and where? For what did you write? I enumerated the articles for which I had written, and answered all the other questions satisfactorily. While he was catechising me he held in his hand the letter I had written to "My Dear Uncle," to which he referred after asking each question. This was one of the rules of the prison, that letters of this kind were to be returned inside the package sent. He finally said to me that all the articles for which I had written had come, and I could get everything except the coat; this being black was contraband, and would be held for delivery when I was paroled. As he said this, he handed me the package. I hurried back to the tent, and all the boys gathered around, while I opened up my treasures, which consisted of a full suit, two changes of underclothing, socks, shoes and hat. They were all of nice material and fit perfectly. I had given the sizes of everything in the letter written to my uncle.

One of my tentmates was a Virginian by the name of Perkins, who had a friend and neighbor that had

been paroled and was on his way home. A day or two after he left the prison his name appeared on the bulletin board, telling him to report at the express office. Upon investigation it was found that the home folks had sent him a box of tobacco, and it was ready for delivery. A box of tobacco was a real bonanza at that time and place. Perkins, knowing this, and at the same time knowing his friend would be glad for him to have it, personated his paroled friend to the prison authorities, and attempted to have the tobacco delivered to him by the express agent. Unfortunately, in some way they discovered the ruse, and had Perkins arrested. In their endeavor to humiliate him, they made him wear a board sign on his back, about three feet square, for several weeks, on which was written in large letters:

“This man Perkins conspired with others to steal a box of tobacco from the express office.”

The friends of Perkins had great sympathy for him. He certainly was a comical looking picture, though, as he marched up and down the line under guard. Of the two propositions, i. e., whether it was more of a crime in Perkins conspiring to steal (as they termed it) this box of tobacco, which his neighbor and friend would have been glad at his success in doing, or they actually stealing it, much to the disgust of Perkins' friend, I would unhesitatingly decide in favor of Perkins. As I have already

stated, the prison was located in Maryland on Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, and from what I could learn of the other prisons, was a much better place from a sanitary and hygienic standpoint than any other Northern prison. Water was scarce and rations exceedingly short, but the treatment of the prisoners I did not consider cruel, or even particularly harsh. The gates on the bay side were thrown open in the morning and left open all day. Prisoners could go out there at will, and bathe in the bay if they felt inclined to do so. The sentries were stationed on the stockade, almost over you, and the bay was twenty-seven miles across to the Virginia shore, so there was not much chance to make a successful dash for liberty by the water route.

The most humiliating part of prison life was the fact of being guarded by negro soldiers. Of course, Southern gentlemen did not take kindly to this, but on the whole these negroes behaved themselves fairly well. I suppose many of them had not yet lost that feeling of subserviency to their Southern masters

“Way down South in Dixie.”

These negroes were soon replaced by white soldiers, which made it much more agreeable to the prisoners.

One morning I was standing near the sentry line wistfully looking towards the large gate which led to freedom and home. The sentinel passed me several times as he walked to and fro on his beat. I

spoke no word to him, but I suppose there must have been something in my pensive mood which appealed to his better nature, and as he passed me on one of his tramps he took from his haversack a nicely prepared lunch and handed it to me. He spoke not a word, but passed on. I did not speak either, but tried to look my thanks. There were dozens of others standing there. Why he should have selected me as the prize winner I can't tell.

Some time before I was paroled, this Yankee sergeant, to whom I have previously alluded, Duchene was his name, asked me if I did not have a coat in the express office which the prison authorities refused to give me because it was black. I told him that he was correct. He then proposed to buy me a gray coat in exchange for it, if I was disposed to do so. I agreed to his proposition, and a few days later he brought to me a new gray sack coat of nice material and nicely made. I then gave him an order on the express agent for mine, so at last my suit was complete.

About the middle of June, 1865, my brother, Laurie, and I were paroled, the war being over. The prisoners were paroled alphabetically. Laurie was down near the gate when the names were being called, about the time the letter H was reached. It so happened that no one was present whose name commenced with that letter, and the paroling officer, becoming a little impatient, asked if there was anyone present whose name commenced with I. Laurie promptly answered, and after reporting to the officer, asked permission to come for me. He hurried

to the tent, where he arrived in great excitement. Telling me the glorious news, we soon gathered together all of our belongings, and after hasty good-byes to our comrades, we lost no time in reporting at the gate, and were passed out with the others. We were the two last to make up the boat load. Taking a boat at Point Lookout we landed at City Point on the James River, in Virginia, where General Grant had his base of operations during the siege of Petersburg. From City Point we commenced our overland trip to South Carolina. Laurie sold a rubber ring which was made in prison to a Yankee soldier for 50 cents, and, therefore, he was the moneyed man. I did not have a single copper. There were five of us in the party. I do not remember two of them. Nick Rickenbaker, of Captain Sellers' company, was one of the number. My possessions, not including my new suit, were an army blanket and a dinner plate. The latter I brought with me as a souvenir. On the other hand, I was young, athletic, in perfect health and full of life.

“Backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight!”

Transportation was exceedingly uncertain. Most of the railroads from Petersburg South had been destroyed by Sherman and his bummers. We left Petersburg on a freight train, and went via Danville, and after several days we reached Blackstock, and found that place the terminus of the road, and from

there had to tramp the remaining portion of the way to Orangeburg. We did not tarry long at Blackstock before taking up our homeward march. We arrived at Winnsboro and rested a short while on the courthouse steps. I here parted with my prison souvenir, giving it to a negro woman for bringing me a basin of water, a towel and a cake of soap. I kept the soap. Between Winnsboro and Columbia we stopped to rest in front of a rather nice looking residence, incidentally about the hour for dinner, and waited to see if something would not turn up. Eventually the dinner bell rang out merrily and long, and we all, with one accord, bowed down our heads and solemnly said grace, Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive, and I am sure we would have been thankful for most anything in our hungry condition, but we dined on grace alone. Nothing more substantial materialized. The poet of the party* wrote these lines on a scrap of paper, pinned them to an old mouldyhardtack, and hung them on the front gate, prefaced in this manner:

“To the gentleman who so bountifully and generously fed five Confederate soldiers today I dedicate these lines.

“Were I a preacher, I would leave you a tract,
But being a soldier I leave you a tack.”

*Brother Laurie.



EIBER F. W. DOSCHER
Edisto Rifles

Died at home, 1861

On reaching Columbia, the beautiful capital of South Carolina, we found that it had been thoroughly and systematically burned by Sherman's army. Whether or not this was done by Sherman's special order I am not prepared to say, but the presumption is that it was; but even admitting that it was not, he, like Paul, stood by consenting while his army was engaged in throwing fire balls into and applying torches to buildings. It mattered not whether these houses were occupied by helpless women and children, the sick and dying, or consecrated to God, indiscriminate destruction followed. Sherman says, however, he was not responsible, but anyone who would stoop to the miserable subterfuge of trying to place the blame on the Confederate troops and General Wade Hampton, would be quite qualified morally to have issued such an order, and if he did not, like Nero, fiddle while the city was burning, way down in his heart he rejoiced just the same. The preponderance of evidence is decidedly against him regardless of what he may have said.

The same program of vandalism had been carried out all through the State, along the route taken by Sherman's army. Silent and lonesome looking chimneys marked the spots where hundreds of stately mansions formerly stood, and desolation greeted you at every turn of the road. From every tongue was heard the disgusting story of insult and brutality by these hoodlum incendiaries. The night before reaching Orangeburg we slept by the roadside, not far from Caw Caw Swamp. The next morning I took a thorough bath in that stream,

threw aside my uniform, donned my new suit, and arrived at Orangeburg about 8 o'clock on the morning of June 22d, 1865.

My brother Laurie and I breakfasted with the family of Captain Donald Rowe, and remained in town for several hours. Orangeburg, like Columbia, had suffered greatly from the torch of Sherman's army.

In walking the streets I felt a little pride in the consciousness of being the best dressed man in the town.

We reached home that afternoon, and found the dwelling still standing and family well, but every horse, mule, wagon, buggy, carriage and all provisions had been taken by Sherman's bummers. Labor disorganized and negroes free, added still more to the ugly proposition which the South had to face and solve. My other three brothers, Captain Izlar, Ben P. Izlar and A. M. Izlar, had reached home several days previous to our arrival. The war was over, but a different kind of battle was now confronting the whole South.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, in a speech delivered on the centennial birthday of General Lee at Lexington, Virginia, said: "The influence of Uncle Tom's Cabin in Europe, preventing the recognition of the Confederate States, was the prime cause of the defeat of the Southern Confederacy."

President Davis attributed the adverse result to the lack of a navy by the Confederate Government.

While both of these great men's hypotheses were

potent factors in shaping the destiny and fall of the Confederacy, and with either recognition or a navy the South would have been successful, yet without either if General Lee could have been reinforced by 25,000 troops when at Petersburg the Southern Confederacy would have been in existence today.

General Grant, commanding the Union forces investing Petersburg and Richmond, appears to have been of my opinion also. About this time he was so fearful of the result that on August 18th, 1864, he sent the following dispatch to General Butler:

“On the subject of exchange, however, I differ from General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange, which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman’s defeat and would compromise our safety here.”

This is a plain admission from the highest authority, that even as late as August 18th, 1864, the thin gray line of Confederate soldiers who defended Petersburg and Richmond was a great menace to General Grant and his grand army, and jeopardized the

final success of the United States Government. Although unintended this was one of the highest compliments ever paid to General Lee and the Confederate soldiers.

As soon as I could pull myself together after reaching home, I went to work and tried hard to accommodate and adjust myself to the new condition of things, but it seemed as though I could not shake myself loose from contact with the Yankees. On several occasions we came in collision, which caused me to be arrested, placed in confinement, and it was their intention to have me tried by a military commission which meant conviction, and most any dire sentence the vindictive court should see fit to impose. But, thanks to the ability of my lawyers, Izlar and Dibble, and my many influential friends, I was taken from the military, under Lieutenant Stephen O'Connor, when at the railroad station waiting for a train to take me to Columbia, and turned over to the civil authorities, and in this way escaped an exceedingly precarious position, and balked the vengeance of the inquisitors.

APPENDIX.

After the war closed, Captain James F. Izlar and Lieutenant Samuel Dibble formed a copartnership for the practice of law in Orangeburg. This firm was considered one of the foremost and most able in the State of South Carolina.

Lieutenant Joseph Graves moved to Texas after graduating in medicine, and died there.

The Edisto Rifles furnished the following officers to the Confederate army:

Colonel Thomas J. Glover, First South Carolina Volunteers. Killed at second Manassas, Virginia.

Major John V. Glover, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Died of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Virginia.

Captain James F. Izlar, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Survived the war. Elected Judge of the 1st Circuit, 1889, and served to 1893. Elected to Congress in 1894, to fill an unexpired term.

Captain Thomas K. Legaré, Second Artillery. Died in Columbia after the war.

Captain Medicus Rickenbaker, Second Artillery. Died in Walterboro after war.

Captain E. J. Felder, A. Q. M., Second Artillery. Died in Orangeburg after war.

Captain M. J. D. Dantzler, Medical Corps.

Captain T. Shelton Fox, Medical Corps.

Lieutenant John H. Felder, First South Carolina Volunteers. Died of typhoid fever at his home below Orangeburg, contracted in the Manassas campaign.

Lieutenant Samuel Dibble, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Served several terms in Congress after the war.

Lieutenant Samuel N. Kennerly, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Killed in battle of Weldon Railroad, Va.

Lieutenant George H. Elliott, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Killed in battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Lieutenant Joseph Graves, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers. Died in Texas after the war.

Lieutenant B. M. Shuler, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Died after the war.

Lieutenant W. W. Legaré, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Died after the war.

Lieutenant A. A. Connor, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Still living.

Lieutenant W. E. Williams, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Died after the war.

Lieutenant Mortimer Glover, adjutant, First South Carolina Volunteers.

Lieutenant T. C. Andrews, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Died after the war.

Lieutenant Z. M. Wolfe, Second Artillery, South Carolina Volunteers. Died after the war.

Following members of Edisto Rifles died in prison at Elmira, New York:

Private Henry L. Bailey.

Private Charles Bailey.

Private Wm. E. Crawford.

Private David W. Dantzler.

Private Joseph A. Holstein.

Private Samuel P. Hook.

Private Elmore Ott.

Private J. Lawton Scott.

Private Jesse Sanford.

Died on way home after being paroled:

Private David F. Murphy.

Private J. D. Ott.

Died at Point Lookout prison, Maryland:

Private David Brown.

Died at home during war:

Private W. P. Larr.

Private Eiber Doscher.

Private Samuel J. Felder.

Private A. Govan Rowe.

Recognizing the imperative necessity of having a military company in Orangeburg in the strenuous days of reconstruction, a meeting was called, and the Edisto Rifles was reorganized, and the following officers were elected: Samuel Dibble, Captain; Wm. V. Izlar, First Lieutenant, and J. George Vose, Second Lieutenant. This was in the year 18—.

I at once went to work to raise a sufficient amount of money to arm and equip the company, which I easily did by soliciting contributions from the leading citizens of the county, and in a short while the Edisto Rifles were fully armed, uniformed and equipped.

The uniform adopted being gray, with black trimmings, the same as that used at the commencement of the war.

From various causes there were many changes in the officers as the years passed by, and when the Spanish-American war came on the Edisto Rifles volunteered as a company, and went to Cuba under command of Captain D. O. Herbert. The company was attached to the Second Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Wilie Jones.

Captain Herbert was voted a very handsome sword as being the most popular officer in the regiment.

COMPANY ROLLS

COMPANY A, FIRST REGIMENT.

(Edisto Rifles.)
From Orangeburg, S. C.

Glover, Thomas Jamison.....	Captain
Glover, John Vinyard	Captain
Felder, John H.	First Lieutenant
Izlar, James Ferdinand.....	First Lieutenant
Kennerly, Samuel N.....	Second Lieutenant
Dibble, Samuel	Second Lieutenant
Felder, Edmund J.....	Sergeant
Williams, James A.....	Sergeant
Elliott, George H.....	Sergeant
Legaré, Thomas K.....	Sergeant
Ray, W.	Sergeant
Frederick, J. P.....	Sergeant
Fox, T. S.....	Sergeant
Zimmerman, Daniel	Sergeant
Izlar, Benj. P.....	Sergeant
Hook, J. H.....	Sergeant
Rast, J. E.....	Sergeant
Izlar, William V.....	Sergeant
Culler, L. Hayne.....	Sergeant
Andrews, Thaddeus C.....	Corporal
Rowe, Donald Jacob	Corporal
Shuler, B. M.....	Corporal

Wiles, Robert H.	Corporal
Wannamaker, Francis Marion	Corporal
Pauling, W.	Corporal
Kohn, Theodore	Corporal
Robinson, Jude	Corporal
Kennerly, J. R.	Corporal

PRIVATEs.

Andrews, E. W.	Andrews, James.
Austin, M. L.	Austin, son, B. A.
Arant, J. H.	Champy, A.
Antley, M. F.	Champy, T.
Ashe, John.	Church, W. A.
Ayers, D. W.	Collins, A.
Ballentine, Samuel.	Connor, A. A.
Baxter, J. D.	Connor, F.
Baxter, E. J.	Culelasure, D. J.
Black, M. G.	Curtis, G. H.
Boyd, M. T.	Culler, J. W.
Brickle, V. V.	Dantzler, D. W.
Brooker, A. F.	Dantzler, M. J. D.
Brooker, James.	Denaux, E. C.
Brunson, William.	Dolen, M.
Buyek, F. J.	Doscher, Eiber F. W.
Pozard, J. S.	Doyle, P.
Pozard, J. F.	Ebney, W. L.
Bozard, Jacob C.	Ehney, T. T.
Bull, W. A.	Ezekiel, E.
Crawford, W. E.	Fanning, John A.
Crider, G. B.	Felder, Samuel J.
Crider, J. H.	Gardener, D.

Glover, W. P.	Miller, A. V.
Glover, C. L.	Moody, W. A.
Gramling, Martin Luther.	Murph, J. C.
Glover, Mortimer.	Murrow, O. H.
Hall, S. P.	Meredith, W. C.
Hook, J.	Norris, T. P.
Hook, S. P.	Ott, W. F.
Hitchcock, L. W.	Ott, J. V.
Houser, E. M.	Papé, F. W.
Houser, F. D.	Pike, John C.
Houser, J. D.	Poole, T. C.
Houser, G. M.	Pooser, E. E.
Inabinet, Frank S.	Pooser, J. P.
Inabinet, A. J.	Pooser, W. H., Jr.
Inabinet, C. G.	Pooser, W. H., Sr.
Inabinet, J. M.	Pooser, J. H.
Irck, L. A.	Prickett, J. H.
Izlar, L. T.	Prusner, William.
Izlar, A. M.	Pooser, William.
Izlar, B. W.	Rawlinson, M. A.
Jenkins, L. W.	Rawlinson, A. S.
Jaudon, P. B.	Robinson, Murray.
Jaudon, S. W. A.	Ray, John D.
Kelly, Thomas.	Reynolds, F. S. H.
Kemmerlin, T. A.	Reed, J. V.
King, W.	Reed, J. N.
Legaré, W. W.	Riley, D. A.
Larr, W. P.	Riley, John W.
Lucas, A.	Rickenbaker, M.
Meredith, W. C., Jr.	Rowe, William Sabb.
Murphy, E.	Rowe, A. G.
Myers, Evan.	Rush, H. M.

Ruple, Andrew J.	Tatum, John S. C.
Sanders, B. H.	Tucker, J. R.
Shoemaker, Ira T.	Taylor, W. W.
Shultnight, Lewis.	Tyler, H. Alonzo.
Sanders, J. D. D.	Valentine, W. W.
Shuler, J. M.	Van Tassel, James A.
Shuler, J. W.	Williams, W. E.
Smoak, B. Z.	Williams, S. W.
Smoak, H. O.	Wolfe, Z. Marion.
Staley, E. S.	Wolfe, E. M.
Stroman, D. P.	Wolfe, J. J.
Stroman, Michael G.	Wright, R.
Stroman, P. B.	Wolfe, Andrew J.
Summers, Jacob W.	Zeigler, H. H.
Summers, William.	Zeigler, M. C.
Stroman, J. P.	Zeigler, John A.

COMPANY "G," 25th REGIMENT

(Edisto Rifles.)
From Orangeburg, S. C.

Glover, John V.	Captain
Izlar, James Ferdinand	Captain
Kennerly, Samuel N.	First Lieutenant
Dibble, Samuel	First Lieutenant
Elliott, George H.	Second Lieutenant
Graves, Joseph	Second Lieutenant
Izlar, Benjamin Pou	Orderly Sergeant
Hook, J. Hillard	Sergeant
Rast, Jacob E.	Sergeant

Izlar, William Valmore	Sergeant
Culler, L. Hayne.....	Sergeant
Shoemaker, Ira T.	Sergeant
Pauling, William R.....	Corporal
Kohn, Theodore	Corporal
Robinson, Jude	Corporal
Kennerly, J. Robert	Corporal

PRIVATES.

Adger, A. M.	Culler, Jacob.
Austin, Morgan L.	Dantzler, J. M.
Arant, James H.	Dantzler, David W.
Antley, M. Furman.	Dantzler, Manly J. D.
Ashe, John.	Darnold, Evan.
Ayers, D. A.	Darnold, S. C.
Bailey, Henry.	Dibble, Frederick S.
Bailey, Charles.	Fairey, Geo. W. B.
Benton, J. W.	Frieze, Frank J.
Bozard, Jacob C.	Froberg, H.
Bozard, David T.	Hall, Sylvanus P.
Bozard, Stephen E.	Hall, Samuel R.
Bradham, Lawrence F.	Holman, James M. O.
Bronson, Marion D.	Hook, Samuel P.
Brown, Henry.	Hook, John.
Brown, David.	Hook, Lawrence L.
Bruce, James P.	Inabinet, Jeff.
Bull, W. Aiken.	Inabinet, Frank S.
Crawford, Wm. E.	Inabinet, Charles G.
Crider, George B.	Inabinet, E. E.
Culclasure, D. J.	Izlar, Lauriston T.
Culler, J. W.	Izlar, Adolphus Madison.

Irick, Laban A.	Rast, Lewis.
Irick, Alex D.	Rawlinson, M. A.
Irick, Elliot H.	Rawlinson, Abram S.
Jenkins, Lewis W.	Rawlinson, William J.
Kohn, Theodore.	Rives, Wm. C.
Meredith, Wm. C.	Robinson, Murray.
Moody, W. A.	Rush, Lewis F.
Murphy, Emanuel.	Scott, Junius L.
Murphy, David F.	Sanders, Ben H.
Myers, Evan.	Stokes, Jefferson.
Myers, Luther.	Syphret, Obadiah J.
Myers, Fred.	Sanford, Jesse.
O'Cain, Jno. M.	Tatum, Jno. S. C.
Ott, Elmore.	Taylor, Wm. W.
Ott, Elias.	Wolfe, Edward M.
Ott, J. David.	Wolfe, Peter.
Rast, Fred M.	

Many of the young members of the Edisto Rifles took with them to the army their negro servants, who not only waited on their young masters faithfully, but cooked their meals also. When in Virginia these servants stayed in the rear, with the wagon train, but would bring meals to the front every day.

I can only remember the names of those I mention below:

- Donald J. Rowe's servant Cæsar.
- Medicus Rickenbaker, servant Anthony.
- William V. Izlar and brother, servant Sam.
- Jude Robinson and brother, servant Cudjo.
- Samuel J. Felder, servant Pierce.

George Elliott, servant Peter.

J. H. Hook and brother, servant Cephas.

Frank S. Inabinet and brother, servant Derril.

J. R. Kennerly, servant Wash.

J. A. Holstein, servant Toney.

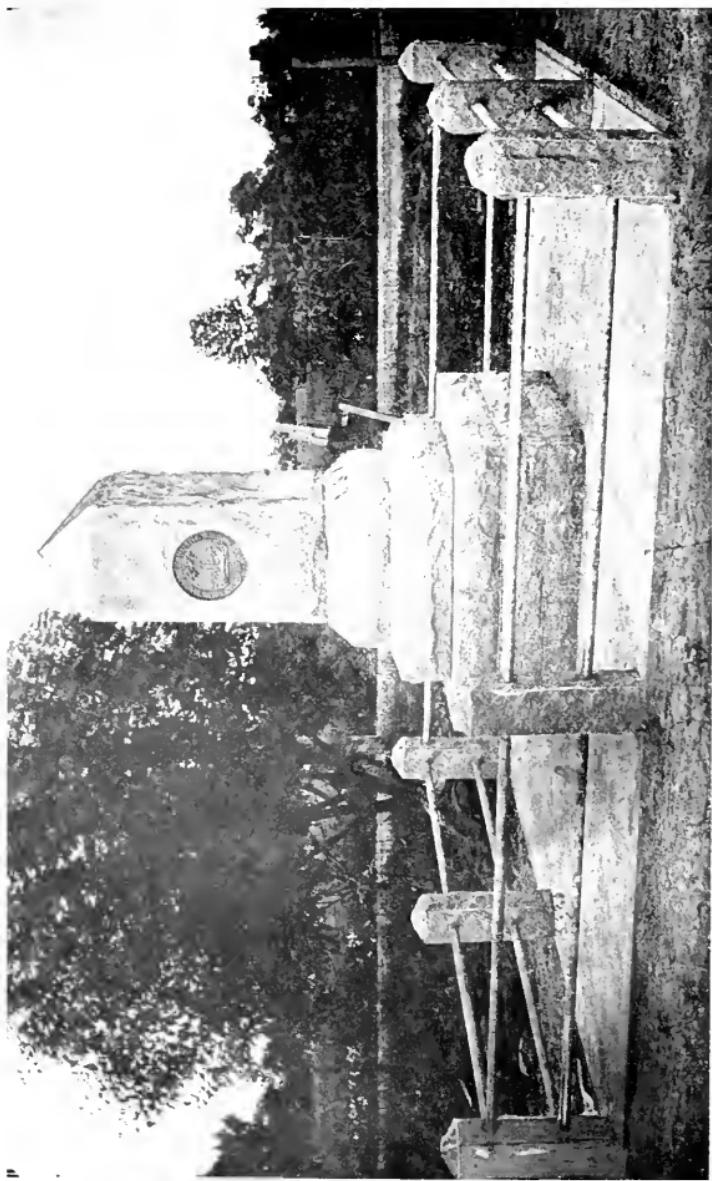
Samuel Hall, servant Isaac.

Jefferson Stokes, servant Jim.

These servants were regularly rationed by the government the same as enlisted men. My boy Sam came to the front with rations as usual one day when it was comparatively quiet, but about the time he reached the lines the enemy commenced a vigorous shelling. This was more than Sam could stand, and he made a hasty flight to the rear. He ran so fast that you could see the bottoms of both his feet in the air at once.

On a trip to Richmond, Virginia, several months ago I took occasion to visit most of the battlefields in that vicinity and also those near Petersburg. Seeing many handsome monuments erected on those fields by the Union army survivors to perpetuate the deeds of their comrades, I came home determined that Hagood's Brigade should have a monument placed on the field of the battle of Weldon Railroad, where on Sunday, the 21st day of August, 1864, it made the brilliant, though disastrous, charge on Warren's Federal Army Corps.

It is a source of gratification and pleasure to me to know that my efforts to raise a sufficient sum for that purpose were rewarded with success. Many citizens of South Carolina contributed to this noble



MONUMENT TO HAGOOD'S BRIGADE

Erected near Petersburg, Va., through efforts of William V. Izlar, Esq.

and patriotic work, among the contributors being many of our incomparable women.

After having the monument finished I went to Petersburg, and with the aid of citizens of that city who were familiar with the country, and my personal recollection of the surroundings, located the place and now have erected thereon a very durable monument of granite which bears this inscription on the front:

Here
A Brigade
Composed of the
Seventh Battalion,
The Eleventh, Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth and
Twenty-seventh Regiments,
South Carolina Volunteers,
Commanded by
Brigadier General
Johnson Hagood,
Charged Warren's
Federal Army Corps
On the 21st day of August,
1864,
Taking into the fight
740 men,
Retiring with 273.
"No prouder fate than theirs, who gave their lives to
liberty."

On the front wash is

HAGOOD'S BRIGADE

in four-inch raised letters with polished tops.

On left wash,

C. S. A.

(Same style and size letters.)

On right wash,

A. N. V.

(Same style and same letters.)

On rear wash,

Placed here by Wm. V. Izlar,
A survivor of the charge, aided
by other South Carolinians.

On the rear face of the die is a very handsome bronze seal of the State of South Carolina sixteen inches in diameter.

The plat on which the monument stands is fifteen feet square, and covered with a durable cement pavement, and surrounded by a galvanized iron railing, let into eight granite posts eight inches square.

The farm on which the monument is placed is now owned by Mrs. Sheffield, who came from the State of Indiana after the war and settled there. Though a Northern woman, she unhesitatingly donated the



MONUMENT TO HAGOOD'S BRIGADE

Near Petersburg, erected through Wm. V. Izlar, of Edisto Rifles

site and right of way from the Halifax road to the monument. The monument stands about one hundred feet from the Halifax road, and a short distance below Fort Wadsworth. This road was the bed of the Weldon Railroad, which ran there in the year 1864 when the battle was fought. Since then the railroad has been straightened and now runs two or three hundred yards west of the former location, and the old railroad bed has become the public highway, known as the Halifax road. The appearance of the surroundings has changed, of course, very materially within the interim from 1864 to 1908, yet the general topography is the same. The Yellow Tavern and the Dunlop house have long since become things of the past, and very few residents in that vicinity know that they ever existed. A few bricks and an old well are all that remain to mark the spots where, it is supposed, once stood these buildings, rendered notable and historic by the Civil War.

Copy of Deed from Lutie Sheffield
to
William V. Izlar.

This deed made this 3d day of June, A. D., 1909, between Lutie Sheffield, of the County of Dinwiddie, Virginia, of the first part, and William V. Izlar, of the City of Orangeburg, South Carolina, of the second part.

Witnesseth: That whereas said William V. Izlar desires to erect in the vicinity of Fort Wadsworth,

on the ground whereon the 21st day of August, 1864, Hagood's Brigade of South Carolinians made its brilliant charge in its effort to capture the Federal earthworks at and near said fort, a monument to commemorate said charge, and desires a small lot of land upon which to erect said monument, with a right of way thereto from Halifax road as said road now runs:

Now, therefore, for and in consideration of the premises and of the sum of one dollar paid by said party of the second part to said party of the first part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, she, said Lutie Sheffield, doth grant with special warranty unto him, said William V. Izlar, the following property, to wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land situate in Namozine Magisterial District of the County of Dinwiddie, Virginia, about two and a half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) miles from the City of Petersburg, on the southeast corner of the tract of land in said county conveyed to said Lutie Sheffield by Clarissa S. Hovey by deed dated January 26th, 1907, and of record in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county at page 141, of volume 28, of the deed books of said office, bounded and described as follows: On the east by a line beginning at a point about five (5) feet two (2) inches from and north of the southern boundary line of said tract of land and about sixty-eight (68) feet six (6) inches from and west of the center line of Halifax road (as this road now runs on the old roadway of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad) and running parallel to said center line and

northwardly a distance of fifteen (15) feet; on the north by a line commencing at the northern end of said eastern boundary line and running at a right angle thereto westwardly a distance of fifteen (15) feet: on the west by a line commencing at the western end of said northern boundary line and running parallel to said center line of said Halifax road a distance of fifteen (15) feet southwardly; and on the south by a line commencing at the southern end of said western boundary line and running eastwardly a distance of fifteen (15) feet to the point of beginning; together with a convenient right of way from said Halifax road to said lot of land and from the same for the grantee under this deed, his assigns, and all other persons desiring to visit said monument for any lawful purpose; said lot of land hereby conveyed being a square in shape, each side of which is fifteen (15) feet in length, and being a part of said tract of land conveyed to said Lutie Sheffield by said Clarissa S. Hovey by the deed aforesaid.

It is understood that said Clarissa S. Hovey, who has an estate in the land hereby conveyed, for her life, consents to the use thereof, for the purpose aforesaid, and will, if it be so desired, execute a proper deed to said Izlar or his assigns, conveying her interest therein.

In testimony whereof, witness the following signature and seal.

LUTIE SHEFFIELD (Seal).

The above deed has been executed with my knowledge and consent, this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1909.

Witness my hand and seal.

MRS. CLARISSA S. HOVEY (Seal).

STATE OF VIRGINIA,
County of Dinwiddie.

I, J. M. Townsend, a notary public in and for the City of Petersburg, in the State of Virginia, do certify that Lutie Sheffield and Clarissa S. Hovey, whose names are signed to the foregoing writings, bearing date on the 3rd day of June, A. D. 1909, have acknowledged the same before me in my county aforesaid. My commission expires on the 5th day of October, 1910.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of June, 1909.

J. M. TOWNSEND,
Notary Public.

Virginia: In the Clerk's Office of Dinwiddie Circuit Court, June 7th, 1909.

This deed of B. & S., from Lutie Sheffield to William V. Izlar, was this day lodged in the said office and with the certificate annexed admitted to record.

Test: A. M. ORGAIN, Clerk.

Copy of Deed of Conveyance
From
William V. Izlar
To
Claude E. Swanson,
Governor of Virginia,
and
His Successors in Office.

This deed made this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1909, between Wm. V. Izlar, of the City of Orangeburg, South Carolina, of the first part, and Claude A. Swanson, Governor of the State of Virginia, and his successors in office, of the second part,

Witnesseth, that, whereas said Wm. V. Izlar, by deed of even date herewith to be recorded at the same time herewith executed to him by Lutie Sheffield, of the County of Dinwiddie, Virginia, has acquired title to a certain lot of land fifteen (15) feet square, situate in Namozine magisterial district of said county, about two and one-half (2½) miles south of Petersburg, near the Halifax Road, and fully described in said deed, for the purpose of erecting thereon a monument near the Federal fort known as Fort Wadsworth, on the ground where on the 21st day of August, 1864, Hagood's Brigade of South Carolinians made its brilliant charge in its effort to capture the Federal earthworks at and near said fort, to commemorate said charge; and whereas said Izlar desires to commit to the care of the chief magistrate of the commonwealth of Virginia the small parcel of

land aforesaid and the monument to be erected thereon to be held in trust for the surviving members of said brigade and their descendants,

Now, therefore, for and in consideration of the premises, he, said Wm. V. Izlar, doth grant with special warranty unto him, said Claude A. Swanson, Governor of Virginia, and his successors in office, the lot of land aforesaid, in trust to be held for the surviving members of said brigade and their descendants.

In making this grant it is believed by the grantor that, by reason of fraternal ties binding the commonwealth of Virginia and the commonwealth of South Carolina, the land and monument hereby conveyed will be always held as a sacred trust.

In testimony whereof witness the following signature and seal.

WM. V. IZLAR (Seal).

STATE OF VIRGINIA, }
 City of Petersburg. } To-wit:

I, J. M. Townsend, a notary public, in and for the city aforesaid, in the State of Virginia, do hereby certify that Wm. V. Izlar, whose name is signed to the foregoing writing bearing date on the 3rd day of June, 1909, has acknowledged the same before me in my city aforesaid.

My commission expires on the 5th day of October, 1910.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of June, A. D. 1909.

J. M. TOWNSEND,

Notary Public.

Official Letter from
Governor Claude E. Swanson
of Virginia
To
Wm. V. Izlar
On Receipt of Deed.

Commonwealth of Virginia,
Governor's Office,
Richmond, July 12, 1909.

Mr. William V. Izlar, Orangeburg, S. C.

My Dear Sir: I am just in receipt of your letter, with enclosure of deeds, which I have noted. I have filed the deeds with the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in whose office they will be preserved with other official records of the State of Virginia.

Very truly yours,

CLAUDE E. SWANSON,
Governor.

COMPANIES FROM ORANGEBURGH DISTRICT WITH NAMES

Appendix.

COMPANY F, TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Sellers, M. Henry.....	Captain
Harper, Leonidas A.....	Captain
Evans, John G.....	Second Lieutenant
Shuler, Franklin E.....	Third Lieutenant
Wise, Wade W.....	Lieutenant
Carson, John J.....	First Lieutenant
Hart, Capers H.....	Sergeant
Gramling, Mike W.....	Sergeant
Fralic, W. J.....	Sergeant
Avinger, A. P.....	Sergeant
Dantzler, B. M.....	Sergeant
Dantzler, E. L.....	Corporal
Prickett, J. W.....	Corporal
Ulmer, Thomas W.....	Corporal
Way, D. A.....	Corporal
Harmon, J. W.....	Corporal

PRIVATES.

Avinger, D. J.	Clayton, D. J.
Avinger, Lewis H.	Clayton, W. W.
Barber, G. D.	Clayton, F. R.
Barsh, W. F.	Dantzler, Arthur P.
Braddy, D.	Dantzler, Henry F.
Braddy, E. W.	Dantzler, J. N.

Dantzler, W. H.	Haigler, F. G.
Dantzler, Lewis W.	Heckle, A. J.
Dantzler, George M.	Heaner, John C.
Dantzler, Fred W.	Holmes, Sam
Dantzler, Irvin P.	Houck, Daniel D. S.
Davis, O. S.	Huffman, David J.
Davis, Thomas	Huffman, W. R.
Davis, Morgan A.	Huffman, John
Douglas, Brince	Jones, James
Evans, R. M.	McIver, David A.
Felder, Carson E.	McIver, Bruner A.
Felder, O. J.	Murray, D. D.
Fertic, Boyd	Myers, Fred
Fertic, Charles	Myers, J. W.
Fertic, George.	Ott, Samuel
Fertic, John	Ott, J. Frank
Fertic, Joseph	Parler, O. J.
Fersner, Wm. F.	Parler, Leonidas
Fersner, Frank	Prickett, J. H.
Fersner, Lawrence W.	Rast, J. T.
Fogle, W. J.	Rooke, E. C.
Golson, J. D.	Rucker, John
Grambling, Martin Luther	Rucker, Henry
Griffin, A. B.	Rickenbacker, Nicholas F.
Griffin, James	Shirar, Henry
Griffin, Henry	Shuler, Erastus V.
Griffin, John	Shuler, E. Pinckney
Griffin, Silas D.	Shuler, Geo. L. V. S.
Grainger, Henry E.	Shuler, D. G. B.
Haigler, F. M.	Shuler, Merrick W.
	Snell, W. D.

Smoak, A. A.	Ulmer, F. F.
Smoak, E. A.	Ulmer, G. L.
Staley, H. J.	Vogt, L. C.
Stroman, Charles	Walling, Jos. A.
Stroman, Emanuel	Walling, R.
Spigener, Edward	Walling, Jas.
Stone, Adam	Wannamaker, Irvin W.
Smith, J. W.	Way, Wad. B.
Smith, R.	Wiles, Henry
Shultnight, Lewis.	Wiles, William
Strock, William	Wiles, G. A.
Strock, E. B.	Wiles, V. P.
Taylor, Middleton E.	Zeigler, Fred
Taylor, Pinckney H.	Zimmerman, R. D.
Thompson, D. V.	Zimmerman, W. C.

COMPANY B, FIRST REGIMENT.

Livingston, Daniel.....	Captain
Pou, B. F.....	First Lieutenant
Jones, James D.....	Second Lieutenant
Knotts, Joseph E.....	Second Lieutenant
Ehney, W. L.	First Sergeant
Geiger, F. J.....	Sergeant
Minnicken, J. A.....	Sergeant
Phillips, James H.....	Sergeant
O'Cain, J. A.....	Sergeant
Fanning, J. H.....	Corporal
Inabinet, James A.....	Corporal
Martin, H. O.....	Corporal
Geiger, R. Baker.....	Corporal

PRIVATES.

Axson, J. W.	Hughes, W. F.
Brown, J. F.	Huffman, Jacob
Brown, E.	Huffman, J. H. S.
Brown, William	Huffman, J. W.
Brown, L. S.	Hooker, David H.
Brown, S. W.	Hildebrand, D. L.
Brown, J. P.	Hooker, F. F. M.
Bailey, J.	Inabinet, P. D. P.
Bonnell, J. F.	Inabinet, J. V.
Courtney, P.	Johnson, P. P.
Craft, J. S.	Jeffcoat, H. E.
Craft, T. W.	Jeffcoat, S. W.
Culclasure, A. D.	Kaigler, F. G.
Crim, D. G.	Knotts, T. D.
Corbett, F. M.	Lucas, J. R.
Crider, D. H.	Lucas, Rufus
Cook, W. D.	Lorick, P. C.
Davis, T. J.	Lorick, J. H.
Dannerly, G. W.	Martin, A. T.
Douglas, M. P.	Martin, J. J.
Fanning, Jos. A.	Mack, B. A.
Flake, J. R.	McIver, J. J.
Flake, J. W.	Ott, James P.
Flake, T. J.	Peebles, Jos. E.
Flake, T. B.	Plimale, A.
Furtick, J. H.	Quattlebaum, J. J.
Furtick, L. D.	Rucker, G.
Hutto, R. S.	Rucker, E. A.
Hutto, James	Rucker, U. S. L.
Horsey, J. H. W.	Redmond, Job

Robinson, Jos. F.	Sightler, W. S.
Richter, J. J.	Stabler, G. W.
Riley, J. W.	Schumpert, S. A.
Stevenson, Benjamin	Ulmer, A.
Stevenson, W. M.	Vann, T. J.
Stevenson, J. P.	William, F.
Smithheart, John	William, James
Smith, J. W.	William, M. F.
Smith, W. D.	Wise, A. J.
Stricklin, H. S.	Whetstone, J. A.
Slagle, W. F.	Yon, W. P.
Sightler, T. M.	Zeigler, D. W.
Sightler, S. B.	Zeigler, D. A.

COMPANY D, TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

R. V. Dannerly.....	Captain
Livingston, Barnet.....	First Lieutenant
N. P. Jeffcoat.....	Second Lieutenant
J. T. Inabinet.....	Third Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

H. W. Jeffcoat.....	First Sergeant
J. A. Jeffcoat.....	Second Sergeant
Isaac Redmon.....	Third Sergeant
C. H. Livingston.....	Fourth Sergeant
R. A. Carson.....	Fifth Sergeant

CORPORALS.

J. S. Livingston.....	First Corporal
T. W. Murph.....	Second Corporal

J. F. North.....Third Corporal
W. P. Cain.....Fourth Corporal

PRIVATES.

Axson, F. D.	Furtick, Irvin
Axson, W. A.	Gantt, Cas.
Bailey, G. W.	Harley, Jos.
Bolen, T. G.	Harley, T. W.
Brown, William	Harley, G. W.
Carson, D. N.	Harley, Josaway
Carson, T. J.	Hoover, J. C.
Carson, J. G.	Hooker, L. S.
Carson, W. H.	Hooker, J. L. G.
Chavis, John	Hooker, J. W.
Chavis, Pickens.	Hooker, C. W.
Clark, W. E.	Hooker, J. O. A.
Cook, Samuel	Hughes, M. L.
Cook, J. O.	Hughes, Ebidia
Cook, Jacob	Hughes, J. W.
Crider, S. W.	Hughes, Wash
Crider, J. H.	Hutto, Jasper
Crider, T. J.	Hutto, Jake
Crider, T. L.	Inabinet, J. D.
Crim, Vandy	Inman, George
Crim, Henry	Ivins, Aron
Fogle, P. D.	Jeffcoat, N. V.
Fogle, Peter, Sr.	Jeffcoat, E. D. A.
Fogle, J. W.	Jeffcoat, J. J.
Furtick, G. A.	Jeffcoat, C. A.
Furtick, Grambling	Joiner, Joseph
Furtick, Lawrence	Joiner, H. W.

Johnson, J. M.	Price, D. P.
Johnson, J. H.	Pou, W. G. W.
Jernigan, J. W.	Pou, R. B.
King, W. N.	Porter, D. A.
Livingston, F. B.	Robinson, Louis
Livingston, Rufus	Rucker, W. A.
Livingston, M. L.	Reed, J. V.
Livingston, Min.	Reed, R. M.
Livingston, W. B.	Reed, J. N.
Mack, J. B.	Reed, W. H.
Mack, S. H.	Searight, A. E.
Mack, W. C.	Sharpe, John
Mack, G. A.	Stabler, G. V.
Minnicken, J. A., Jr.	Stabler, Mac
McMichael, R. V.	Sharpe, Jacob
Neece, E. R.	Sharpe, D. P.
Neece, Jacob	Stabler, Henry
Ott, W. F.	Starns, Josh
Pou, B. F.	Tyler, W. L.
Porter, J. M.	Wise, J. J.
Phillips, J. T.	Wise, J. W.
Phillips, J. W.	Witt, W. P.
Peel, William	Williamson, T. D.
Porter, J. A.	Williamson, W. W.
Porter, Nathan	Wise, D. H.
Porter, Ervin	Wactor, J. L.
Pound, J. W.	Wilson, L. J.
Phillips, George	Williamson, Daniel

COMPANY F, SECOND REGIMENT ARTILLERY.

T. K. Legaré.....	Captain
W. W. Legaré.....	First Lieutenant
B. M. Shuler.....	First Lieutenant
A. A. Connor.....	Second Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

E. J. Smoak.....	First Sergeant
J. J. Wolfe.....	Second Sergeant
E. E. Bruce.....	Third Sergeant
M. N. Riley.....	Fourth Sergeant
W. I. D. Moorer.....	Fifth Sergeant
J. C. Pike.....	Quartermaster Sergeant

CORPORALS.

A. V. Miller.....	First Corporal
R. L. Shuler.....	Second Corporal
J. W. McAlhaney.....	Third Corporal
J. P. Garrick.....	Fourth Corporal
A. P. Dantzler.....	Mail Carrier
J. D. Zeigler.....	Band Manager
O. D. J. Collier.....	Commissary

THE OLD PRIVATES.

Arant, D. D.	Bair, Z. A.
Arant, M. A.	Bair, J. T.
Ash, G. W.	Bair, L.
Ayers, D. A.	Baxter, S. F.

Baxter, J. D.	Dukes, J. T.
Berry, A. F.	Dukes, Morgan
Berry, J. W.	Dukes, W. A.
Bruner, G.	Edwards, J. A.
Bruce, T. W.	Edwards, A. F.
Bruce, J. C.	Fairey, J. W.
Bruce, F. A.	Fairey, A. H.
Brickel, V. V.	Fairey, A. T.
Brickel, M.	Fairey, O. Frank
Bozard, F. R.	Fairey, J. J.
Bozard, M. O.	Fairey, D. A. C.
Bozard, William	Fairey, J. W.
Bolten, J.	Fairey, S. P.
Bolten, M.	Fairey, G. E.
Bolen, E.	Fairey, G. A. C.
Byrd, G.	Fairey, F. O.
Byrd, S.	Fogle, Sam
Byrd, D. W.	Fogle, Louis
Byrd, A. H.	Gaffney, G. W. D. W.
Carn, C. L.	Griffith, L. A.
Church, W. A.	Griffith, S. F.
Champy, A. R.	Grimes, J. S.
Champy, William	Curtis, Geo. H.
Connor, L. S.	Grimes, W. L.
Connor, O. F.	Hartzog, J. A.
Connor, A. B.	Hartzog, A. J.
Connor, W. M.	Harmon, J. C.
Dantzler, A. F.	Harmon, A. J.
Davis, W. R.	Houck, I. W.
Davis, E. A.	Hitchcock, L. W.
Dukes, I. J.	Hughes, M.

Hughes, W.	Pearson, J. E.
Hunkerpeller, D. R.	Patrick, E. D.
Hunt, L. D.	Pickering, M. E.
Hunt, W.	Pooser, William
Hutto, T. S.	Pooser, J. M.
Hutto, William	Rast, F. M.
Hydrick, H. H.	Rast, L. P.
Haigler, S. J.	Reedish, William H.
Inabinet, John A.	Riley, W. B.
Jennings, A. J.	Riley, J. M.
Jennings, J. A. T.	Riley, R. H.
Jewitt, William	Riley, H. R.
Kennerly, J. M.	Rhoad, W. C.
Lynch, W. R. B.	Shuler, J.
Metts, O. V.	Shuler, R. G.
Metts, H. C.	Shuler, H. T.
Metts, M. A.	Shuler, C. C. P.
Metts, A. W.	Smith, M. Q.
Meadows, J. W.	Smoak, A. F.
Morel, A.	Smoak, J. A.
Myers, B. D.	Stroman, L.
Myers, W. V.	Syfret, C. W.
McPheeters, W. H.	Thompson, Govan
Nettles, Joe	Wolfe, H. L.
Norris, D. K.	Weeks, James M.
O'Dowd, H. D.	

COMPANY I, SECOND REGIMENT ARTILLERY, SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

J. B. Humbert Captain
 Wm. S. Barton First Lieutenant

Joab W. Moseley.....	Second Lieutenant
Geo. Boliver.....	Third Lieutenant
S. D. Russell.....	Fourth Lieutenant

SERGEANTS.

D. A. Riley.....	First Sergeant
N. N. Hayden.....	Second Sergeant
D. D. Dantzler.....	Third Sergeant
J. N. Hook.....	Fourth Sergeant

CORPORALS.

J. J. Bair.....	First Corporal
E. S. Staley.....	Second Corporal
J. R. D. Wolfe.....	Third Corporal
C. H. Hall.....	Fourth Corporal

PRIVATES.

Amaker, A. A.	Cherry, H. T.
Amaker, Jacob	Cherry, J. S.
Amaker, John	Cooner, J.
Amaker, J. B.	Cooner, N. G.
Argoe, H. E.	Cooper, C. J.
Ash, T. P.	Corbitt, H. W.
Austin, J. C. C.	Corbitt, M. A.
Baber, W. H.	Crook, D. W.
Bair, J. W.	Dantzler, A. P.
Bair, M. E.	Davis, Irvin
Bair, S. C. B.	Davis, H. W.
Berry, S. N.	Ehney, W. L.
Bull, W. A.	Evans, J. C.
Chavis, Wm.	Fanning, J. W., Sr.

Fanning, J. W., Jr. Mosely, G. C.
Felder, J. H. Moss, J. M.
Felder, J. M. Nash, W. E.
Fogle, G. H. Odom, J. H.
Fogle, R. P. Oliver, J. A. F.
Funderburg, H. J. Ott, J. V.
Gleaton, W. Parler, G. J.
Glover, D. F. Phillips, J. P.
Glover, W. P. Pooser, F.
Golson, J. P. Pooser, H. W., Sr.
Golson, J. W. Pooser, H. W., Jr.
Gregory, J. W. Proctor, J.
Hayden, S. C. Reeves, W. L.
Heathington, I. Rice, L. C.
Horger, A. I. Riley, E. C.
Humbert, D. Riley, J. E.
Hutto, S. Robinson, A. J.
Inabnet, D. G. Robinson, Dan W.
Inabnet, J. H. Robinson, John H.
Inabnet, J. M. Robinson, W. D.
Jamison, H. W. Rush, J. C.
Joiner, V. M. Sally, G. B.
Jones, C. R. Sally, W. B.
Jones, R. W. Simons, J. A.
Kemmerlin, D. W. Sistrunk, F. O.
Livingston, J. F. Snell, A. M.
Lightfoot, W. T. Stack, W. D.
McKewn, G. R. Staley, C. A.
McMichael, G. S. Staley, J. F.
Mitchel, M. Stevenson, J. C.
Moorer, J. W. E. Stevenson, L. J.

Stroman, A. G.	Whetstone, G. M.
Stroman, C. N.	Whetstone, J. A.
Stroman, J. G.	Whetstone, N. A.
Stroman, J. J.	Whetstone, W. T.
Stroman, P. B.	Whetstone, S. M.
Sturkie, G.	Wolfe, A. T.
Sturkie, G. J.	Wolfe, H. W.
Thomas, J. B.	Wolfe, W. M.
Thompson, I. P.	Yon, K. S.
Tucker, J. M.	Zeigler, J. H.
Ulmer, S. S.	Zeigler, J. L. R.
Walsh, T. J. P.	Zimmerman, A. L.

Copy of letter from Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Pressley, Twenty-fifth Regiment, Hagood's Brigade, 1884:

Santa Rosa, Cal., 23rd April, 1884.

Lieutenants M. O. Dantzler, N. H. Bull and W. J. DeTreville and others, Committee of Invitation, Edisto Rifles.

Gentlemen: Your invitation to be present at your Annual Picnic to be held on the 1st of May, has just been received. I am unable to find language that would adequately express a tithe of the pleasure that it would give me to attend your gathering and once more take by the hand the survivors of the gallant company, which I had the honor of leading in those dark days, when the right to self-government was the prize for which we risked our lives in behalf of

the glorious old State, which we believed had the right to command our willing services. To miss the familiar faces of many who laid down their lives for the cause, the righteousness of which we never doubted, would tinge my gladness with sorrow, but I have no doubt that I could discover in your faces the lineaments of the noble sires whom I so much loved, and who loved and trusted me, for I must not forget that the generation which with me withstood the thunders of Legare's, Secessionville, Wagener and Walthall Junction have nearly all pitched their tents "on fame's eternal camping ground." Let me admonish you, their sons, to prove yourselves "worthy of your sires." South Carolina is not now the sovereign State for which I and they fought. She is now a part of a nation and not a member of a confederation of sovereign States. Submit to the inevitable and be as true to her and to the nation of which she is a part, as were the Edisto Rifles to her, when her behests were to them the paramount law. The "Stars and Bars" were folded forever, twenty years ago. Be as patriotic and true to the "Stars and Stripes" as were the Edisto Rifles to that flag under whose folds so many of them poured out their blood, a glorious, but useless sacrifice. Should occasion offer, and duty call, do your best to make the "Stars and Stripes" respected and honored wherever the ocean rolls, or the sun shines. True men may remember the glories, mingled as they are with us with the misfortunes of the past, but must faithfully and heroically discharge the duties of the present and

future. You will, if the spirit of the Edistos, of the old Twenty-fifth, live in the Edistos of today.

The presence of your kind invitation brings crowding upon my memory the sad as well as the glorious recollections of the past. I have been trusted, and honored, by my fellow citizens of my adopted State, but no manifestation of regard is to me more grateful than the remembrance of the confidence and love so often shown me by the Edisto and St. Matthews Rifles, two companies of heroes whom the people of Orangeburg District can never sufficiently honor.

Please convey for me to your company, my thanks for their kindly remembrance, and my wishes for the prosperity and long life of every survivor and all the offspring of the Edistos of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers."

Very truly and sincerely yours,

JNO. G. PRESSLEY.

I am greatly indebted to Captain Geo. E. Bernard, of the law firm of Bernard & Townsend, of Petersburg, Virginia, for the many courtesies extended me, when in his city; especially so, for the preparation of the deeds of conveyance of the site of the monument, which was done cheerfully and without reward.

Also to Dr. Samuel E. Lewis of Washington, D. C., for valuable information in regard to plates for flags of the Confederate States; and to General C. Irvine Walker of Charleston for many courtesies,

and also to General Edward Bragg of Fondulac, Wisconsin, and Captain Ben Martin of Washington, D. C.

A GOOD BAND'S WORK.

Extract from "The Courier," 1863.

Chester, February 18, 1863.

Editors Courier: The Band of this Regiment, so long and favorably known as the Charleston Brass Band, gave a Concert in Wilmington in aid of the Sufferers at Fredericksburg. Their patriotic effort met with due appreciation, and the Concert was largely attended.

Mr. MUELLER, Band Master, has requested me to transmit the net amount thus realized, and I have the honor of enclosing to you the sum of three hundred and thirteen dollars and ten cents, as the contribution of the Eutaw Regiment Band to the Fredericksburg fund.

CHARLES H. SIMONTON,
Colonel Eutaw Regiment, 25th S. C. V.

Headquarters Eutaw Regiment, 25th S. C. V.,
February 19, 1863.

SEVEN PINES

WILLIAM V. IZLAR, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Beneath a long mound by trees hid away,
O'erhung by low, drooping vines,
Brave heroes in gray lie sleeping today
On battlefield of Seven Pines.

No stone marks the spot in the swaying pines;
No comrade now their names can tell;
But buried close up to the enemy's lines,
All accoutered, just as they fell.

No low, mournful dirge was chanted o'er,
In silence they laid them to rest;
But borne on the breeze was the battle's roar,
The sun sinking low in the west.

Now hushed is the drummer boy's rattle,
The fife and the trumpet are still;
No sound save the lowing of cattle
Or note of a lone whippoorwill.

But when that last trumpet is sounded,
The herald of earth's final day,
They will rise with arms buckled around them,
These matchless warriors in gray.

[In sending the foregoing the author writes: "On a recent visit to the battle field of Seven Pines I was shown by the guide a long, low mound, under which he informed me quite a number of Confederate soldiers were buried. This circumstance and the scenes inspired the verses herein inclosed.]





